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EDITORIAL

THE KLAN 'ISSUE'

Jimmy Carter has a much better program than his rivals in this campaign—in the sense of computer programming. The President has been programmed to utter nothing but banalities and bromides that don't repel the "middle-income, white-collar" voters his pollsters have identified as his essential base.

Unfortunately for the Republicans, the circuits in Ronald Reagan's program are all glitched, short-circuited by the candidate's insistence on being himself. That self, it is no surprise to rediscover, is cocky, clumsy and ignorant. The giant flap over his Klan crack at Carter is, naturally, vastly exaggerated. Carter happily called it "slurs . . . against a whole region of the country" (without whose votes he can't win), and five Southern governors promptly whistled "Dixie" in solidarity.

All the stumbling, faltering, flagging Reagan actually said, in an amazingly tortured sentence, was that he was "happy to be here [in Detroit] where you [sic] are dealing at first hand with economic policies that have been committed [sic], and he's opening his campaign down in the city [Tusculum, Alabama] that gave birth to and is the parent body [sic] of the Ku Klux Klan." Translation: "Carter's just down home while I'm taking on the tough ones."

We should know by now that Carter's real talent is as a campaigner. Issues mean nothing to him except as symbols whose usefulness is in proportion to their failure to offend crucial groups of voters. Reagan and John Anderson should be on their guard against this sharp symbolist. Carter and the Klan may be the 1980s equivalent of the 1960s "missile gap," unreal but a winner. We may get no closer to anything resembling substance in a campaign off to such a bad start. Not, at least, from the Democrats and Republicans.

UNSEATING
POL POT
Gareth Porter

THE SOLAR
MONOPOLY
Scott Denman

'LOON LAKE'
AN EXCERPT
E. L. Doctorow

POLICE SPIES
IN FICTION
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'LOST
PROPERTY'
PART III
Ben
Sonnenberg

THE MYTH OF SOVIET SUPERIORITY

VICTOR PERLO

The "Soviet menace" has been the leitmotif of U.S. foreign policy and the prime accelerator of the military budget for thirty-five years. Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan are playing it double fortissimo nowadays, while commentators warn of the Russian bear armed to the teeth looming over the defenseless American eagle.

In the early 1960s John Kennedy's "missile gap" was the pretext for a big U.S. military buildup; the gap was ultimately shown to be fraudulent. Now there is a new "gap"—and it can be shown to be equally spurious. The Soviet Union, it is alleged, has been rapidly increasing its defense budget while we have been reducing ours and is spending 50 percent more than the United States for military purposes. This was the main argument used by Carter to raise the military budget 3 percent per year above the rate of inflation and, last fall, to prepare a new budget calling for a growth rate of 5 percent. Now, post-Afghanistan, it's up to 7 or 8 percent.

The alleged Soviet "military buildup" remains the central theme of the campaign for defense increases. The claim of higher Soviet spending mainly rests on statistics compiled by the Central Intelligence Agency. (Prior to 1978 the source was not given but now the Agency is credited and, with a little perseverance, its reports* can be purchased.)

The theme was first sounded back in 1974 when the Pentagon launched its campaign for a fresh post-Vietnam military buildup. At the time, the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency reported that the U.S.S.R had outspent the United States for defense in 1972 and 1973.

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LETTERS.

MORE ON BUCKLEY AND THE F.B.I.

New York City

William F. Buckley Jr. is quite right when he confesses [Letters, *The Nation*, May 24] that he didn't get the point of my article "God and the F.B.I. at Yale" [*The Nation*, April 12]. And of the two questions he says I seemed to be asking, I asked only one. Perhaps his difficulty in grasping the point arises from his propensity to see himself always as the spider in the center of the web. In the story I told, he was, alas, only a spearholder, proving to his masters what a good boy he was. Nearly thirty years ago, when he wrote *God and Man at Yale*, Buckley paid a sinister tribute to modesty (a "left-handed tribute" would be an inappropriate term to apply to any act of Buckley's) in affirming the greater importance of candor than modesty:

I must ask indulgence for the frequent references in the text to myself and my personal experiences at Yale. If there were a way out, I should willingly have taken it. But a great deal of the material that I have summoned, and of the insights that I have received, have been a result of personal experiences. To avoid mention of these would be not only coy, but restrictive.

What Buckley has misunderstood as the reproachful tone of my article was really surprise that he had never mentioned, either when he wrote *God and Man at Yale* or in the thirty years since, one of the "personal experiences" that it would have been "not only coy, but restrictive" to avoid mentioning, since it so clearly provided some of the insights that have guided him to this day—his initiative and cooperation in the efforts made by the authorities of both the Federal Bureau of Investigation and Yale University to head off an inquiry into the relations between those two organizations. Unfortunately for Buckley, the hollowness of his admission that he sacrificed, reluctantly, modesty for candor is even more apparent now than when I wrote my article and when he wrote his reply. Recently, I have received additional documents from the F.B.I. that add more details to the story.

It now appears that the forum that Buckley chaired had been very carefully orchestrated in advance—even to changing the panel of speakers to con-

form to the wishes of the F.B.I. and providing Bureau spokesmen with a list of questions in advance. "I had previously told [Special Agent in Charge J. J.] Gleason to suggest to Mr. Buckley that they send a list of any questions he would like to have answered. Buckley will send a list" (memorandum, L. B. Nichols to Clyde Tolson, October 8, 1949). Bernard DeVoto and Thomas Emerson were to have been panelists, but J. Edgar Hoover objected: "Absolutely no. I learned long ago not to enter into a wrestling match with skunks," he wrote in the margin of Nichols's memo of October 12, 1949. On October 12, Buckley called Nichols to make final arrangements for the forum. DeVoto would be scrapped: "Buckley stated that . . . DeVoto was a Harvard man and would probably deliberately endeavor to use such an opportunity to smear Yale. He stated that Emerson was the last person invited and that they would withdraw the invitation on the ground that they decided to have only 4 faculty members and 2 students instead. He stated he quite agreed, and these were his words which he volunteered, 'that Emerson had forfeited his right to be heard or to ask questions on the ground he has already proven his dishonesty.' I did not comment on this."

Nichols told Tolson, Hoover's assistant, that "Buckley stated he would act as moderator of the meeting, he would rule out any statement which was a criticism of the Bureau, that there would be no argumentation, that the Bureau's representatives would merely answer questions, that he would make it clear that the questions would have to fit any framework that we specified and that we would be the sole judge as to whether it would be proper to answer a question, that he would make this clear at the outset" (memorandum, Nichols to Tolson, October 13, 1949).

On October 14, 1949, Buckley wrote Prof. Fowler Harper, whom he had described to Nichols as "a typical intellectual who fumbles around and who would not make a good impression at all" (*ibid.*), telling him of the ground rules for the forum: "It is vital that you send me immediately any specific questions concerning F.B.I. policy which you contemplate asking. The F.B.I. may need to search through their files in order to answer informatively. . . . It is

naturally impossible for them to anticipate any question you might ask. . . . Again, you are reminded that this forum is not a debate, but rather an opportunity for you and members of the audience to ask questions about F.B.I. policy at Yale and on the national scene" (Buckley to Harper, October 14, 1949, blind carbon copy in the F.B.I. file on Yale University).

We know already that Hoover and the Bureau appreciated Buckley's help in arranging the forum and explaining the role of the F.B.I. "This is a classic," Hoover wrote about Buckley's editorial, "Hats Off to the F.B.I.," in the October 25, 1949, issue of the *Yale Daily News* (routing slip, Nichols to Hoover, undated). But we now know that Buckley's cooperation went beyond setting up the meeting, refusing to print a letter to the editor of the *Yale Daily News* from the editor of the *Harvard Crimson* and informing the F.B.I. of conversations with John Simon of the *Crimson*.

For example:

The F.B.I. was troubled by the issue raised by a Yale Law School student whether it was proper for the Bureau to question whether a person was a reader of *The Nation*. The student—who is identified in the F.B.I. documents recently sent me as J. Gordon Logue, "brother of Edward Logue, who is presently the legal adviser to Governor Chester Bowles of Connecticut" (memorandum, S.A. Thomas Murphy to S.A.C. Gleason, October 25, 1949)—was summoned to F.B.I. headquarters to confront the agent who had allegedly asked the question. Logue insisted the question had been asked; the agent denied it. Once again, Gleason thought of using the good offices of Buckley to end the impasse. On October 24, 1949, he wrote Hoover:

There is a possibility that a satisfactory solution to this matter for both the Bureau and Logue would be, as Mr. Nichols has suggested, for Logue to write a letter to the *Yale Daily News* advising that he has checked into the matter; the Bureau has also checked into the matter; Logue has talked to Murphy again and Murphy denies that any discussion took place relative to "The Nation" whatsoever; Logue still insists that the conversation took place, but has concluded that even if the conversation did take place as he insists he has now

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EDITORIALS.

P.D. 59

Presidential Directive 59, we are told, merely confirmed what has been the nuclear targeting policy of the United States since 1974. "Let me emphasize at the outset," said Secretary of Defense Harold Brown in a recent speech at the Naval War College at Newport, "that P.D. 59 is *not* a new strategic doctrine." U.S. nuclear warheads have always been targeted on Soviet missile silos, submarine pens and troop concentrations as well as on cities. There has been for many years an option of a limited nuclear response.

But despite the protestations of the Secretary of Defense, P.D. 59 may well mark a very significant change in America's nuclear targeting strategy. The timing of its release may have been political, but the decision itself was not. Its context was the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan rather than the Republican convention in Detroit, and however it was explained to reporters, a quite different message was intended for the Soviet Union. The message is an important one.

Five months before President Jimmy Carter signed P.D.

59, Gen. Richard Ellis of the Strategic Air Command gave some remarkable testimony to the Senate Armed Services Committee. That testimony offers a good clue to what P.D. 59 really means, since it was given at the time that the new directive was being formulated. In a prepared statement on "the role of conventional forces," General Ellis maintained that "recent Soviet activity in Africa and South Asia can be traced, not to a change in our conventional capabilities, but rather to a shift in the strategic balance." This is a familiar enough theme in the Strategic Air Command, but the conclusion General Ellis drew from it was an unusual one. He said, "Because of this, deterrence can no longer be neatly divided into subgroups, such as conventional and nuclear. It must be viewed as an interrelated, single entity."

"In response," General Ellis continued, "S.A.C. is developing new options which provide the National Command Authorities with additional flexibility to respond to future conflicts in a timely and controlled manner. In addition to nuclear adjustments, we are exploring a range of non-SIOP (contingency) options for S.A.C. forces." SIOP refers to the Single Integrated Operating Plan, which is the blueprint for an all-out nuclear attack.

General Ellis then referred to a diagram, which showed a

scale of contingencies from nuclear to nonnuclear. There were two nuclear contingencies short of the Single Integrated Operating Plan—that is, all-out nuclear attack. These contingencies were labeled RNO and LNO, the initials standing for Regional Nuclear Options and Limited Nuclear Options. The general's testimony continued: "The ability to execute contingency plans and procedures using S.A.C. assets—particularly the manned bomber—markedly improves U.S. war-fighting capability. S.A.C. aircraft can provide rapid long-range force projection in the conventional and theater nuclear areas while retaining their contribution to SIOP if so tasked." General Ellis claimed that "with regard to the current world situation, combat missions could be launched from Andersen [Air Force Base in Guam] to the Middle East, if the need arises, although the distances involved are incredibly long."

What this testimony meant was that General Ellis, speaking for the Strategic Air Command, believed that it was no longer possible to draw a line between nuclear and conventional weapons. He was devising possible U.S. responses to Soviet activity in South Asia and Africa accordingly. Such contingency planning involved limited and regional nuclear options and called for combat missions by heavy bombers that could be flown west over the Pacific and Indian Oceans to the Middle East.

It is notorious that S.A.C. generals say a lot of things that the Secretary of Defense doesn't agree with, particularly when they come before the Senate Armed Services Committee in closed session and, more particularly, when the hearing is chaired by Senator Henry Jackson. Nevertheless, the only public, official account we have of what P.D. 59 actually means—that of Secretary Brown—seems to incorporate the points made by General Ellis. Brown's statement of August 10 to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization nuclear planning group explains that the new strategy is "designed to enhance deterrence of *any* Soviet action that could lead to nuclear [war] by making it clear that we have both the capabilities and the plans to use our forces, if deterrence fails."

The statement adds: "It is crucial that the Soviet leadership recognize that by *aggression* they would risk not only a general U.S. retaliation over the full range of targets; they must also understand that if they choose *some intermediate level of escalation* [the] U.S. could by more limited responses" punish the Russians. These doctrinal changes and force modernizations, Brown claimed, "improve the contribution of our strategic forces across the *full spectrum of threats with which we must all be concerned.*" (Emphasis added.)

The interesting thing about this statement is that it draws no distinction between nuclear and conventional attacks or responses, either from the Soviet or the American side. It certainly does not say that the United States now has the capability to respond with its own limited nuclear strikes to nuclear strikes on America, the usual interpretation of P.D. 59. The cause of war is not defined, nor is the response. There is no sensible way to interpret these passages other than as a warning to the Soviet Union that America now has plans to respond to a conventional attack on an area it con-

siders vital—Iran, say, or Pakistan—with a limited nuclear strike at Soviet forces in the area. In this sense, P.D. 59 can be read at least partly as a response to the lack of credibility of President Carter's commitment to defend the Persian Gulf, if that commitment is to be met with conventional forces in areas far closer to Soviet soil. Earlier this year, Zbigniew Brzezinski told reporters in background briefings that the United States could defend its commitment with nuclear weapons; now that intention has been officially embodied in the targeting plans for U.S. nuclear forces. Nuclear targeting decisions are the most momentous a President can make and are not made lightly.

"Not a new strategic doctrine"? In a sense it isn't. It is a return to John Foster Dulles's threat of "massive retaliation" to a Communist-inspired conventional conflict in Asia or Europe, a nuclear strategy that was abandoned when the Soviet Union acquired the capacity to respond in kind. The Dulles theory is evidently back, and with it the chilling implications that U.S. nuclear forces must be capable of a disarming first strike and that a nuclear component is an automatic or at least a necessary element in the response to Soviet aggression.

Primary Time

The absence of fall television programming because of the actors' strike gives the networks a golden opportunity to fill the electronic void with more than reruns. The print media have decimated whole forests of newsprint debating the issue of the Presidential debates, but they have largely ignored the more important issue of the high cost of television time, which has made the cost of winning an election prohibitive to all but the most affluent candidates.

In New York, for instance, this Tuesday's Democratic Senate primary had, at polling time, narrowed down to a race between Bess Meyerson, who had spent \$1 million, mostly her own money, on TV commercials, and Congresswoman Elizabeth Holtzman, who spent less than half that amount and, as a result, was expected to lose. (Particularly distressing was a report in *The New York Times* that most voters were unfamiliar with Holtzman's excellent record as a Watergate-exposer, Equal Rights Amendment-extender and excess-defense-spending foe.)

Down in Texas, Representative Bob Eckhardt has been targeted for defeat by a conglomerate of right-wing Republicans, fundamentalists and oil-industry fat cats (angered by his long fight against oil-price decontrol), who anted up an estimated \$500,000 to do the job. Senators Frank Church, George McGovern, John Culver, Birch Bayh, Gary Hart and Gaylord Nelson, and Congressmen Les Aspin, Bob Kastenmeier and Morris Udall, among others, are also in trouble as the result of large sums of moral-majority hit money—most of it earmarked for TV.

For too long money alone has talked on TV. We propose that the networks fill their fall scheduling vacuum with

hours of free prime-time political debates between local, state and national candidates. Even if the strike were settled tomorrow, it would be the smart thing to do; after all, nine out of ten of the new series the networks are planning will ultimately be canceled. Free TV time for the candidates would let all have their say—not just those who can pay.

Arrogant America

New Delhi

Americans like to believe that their foreign policy has been grounded in ideology: that they protect and support something called the Free World against something perfectly ghastly called Communism. This belief originates in part from the kind of society that the Americans have created for themselves—by and large a free society.

Americans cherish the belief that they export their democratic values and prevent the spread of dictatorships throughout the world. This, unfortunately, is simply not true. The real objective of American policy is to prevent the spread of dictatorships that challenge American interests. Otherwise, it is very comfortable with dictatorship indeed. A rough count of the number of baton-waving generals or robber-kings whom the Americans have supported and continue to support belies the United States' pretensions of international morality. And in case anyone felt that there was some degree of consistency in that at least the United States was supporting anti-Communist governments, Richard Nixon demonstrated (with the support of the American electorate) that the United States could willingly help a left-wing dictatorship if it was in its interests to do so—thus, the “successful” China policy. Indeed, America finds its greatest difficulty in getting along with democracies like India, which feel that they must think for themselves.

American foreign policy, like Russian foreign policy toward its satellite states, is rooted in arrogance. This is the arrogance that says that while the rest of the world must understand the United States and its needs, the United States has no obligation to understand other nations (e.g., Iran and its revolution) if it does not wish to. Such arrogance holds that other nations do not necessarily need democracy and freedom; what they need are governments that have Washington's blessing. No matter that such governments are headed by barbarous, sadistic and inhuman robbers like the Shah of Iran or the feudal monarchs of Saudi Arabia.

This same arrogance makes America believe that its citizens have some divine right to pay less than half as much for gasoline as the rest of the world does. Why should U.S. drivers pay less? Why shouldn't the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries raise its prices, and why does each price rise create such an outcry? After all, OPEC is only finally and very belatedly doing what Adam Smith told capitalists to do a long while ago. Americans react to decisions made by other nations in such a frenzy because they have never tried to understand any viewpoint other than

their own. And because they have convinced themselves that what they stand for is Right and Justice, they feel that anyone who disagrees with them is on the side of Evil.

The United States has always defined its enemy very simply; the Enemy is anyone who attacks U.S. interests. Nothing else matters. Friends are constantly being kissed on both cheeks—like President Mohammad Zia ul-Haq of Pakistan, who surprised everyone when he got upset at being so effusively kissed. The United States is always on the lookout for only one thing: friends who will listen more frequently to Washington than to their own people. There are certainly no principles involved. And thus the United States continues to confuse power with stability: President Zia may be powerful today, but his Government is certainly not stable, and the strong opposition to him in Pakistan cannot possibly approve of U.S. aid that would only prop him up in power a little longer and do very little indeed to drive the Russians out of Afghanistan. This search for friends irrespective of their intrinsic worth, their present or potential value, is what is increasingly leading the United States into all sorts of trouble in a fast-changing world.

Nobody in the Third World, including India, which Americans suspect is a Russian surrogate only because it refuses to be a United States surrogate, likes the idea of a Russian bear hug. What happened in Afghanistan, in any case, was not a bear hug, but simple rape. But if nobody likes Russian soldiers, nobody likes the idea of the U.S.S. *Enterprise* patrolling nearby waters either. Almost all the Third World nations have come to realize that the way to fight one superpower is not by jumping into the arms of another. The world is not ringing up Big Brother anymore (mainly because Big Brothers tend to confuse affection and rape); the nations of the Third World are ringing one another up. Why? Because Small Brother is not so small anymore; Small Brother has grown up.

Small Brothers know that the ability of both the United States and Russia to insult them is undiminished. While the Soviet Union of course has given us the classic example in Afghanistan, the United States in its own way showed how much respect it had for the black nations of Africa—in a much less harmful way, to be sure, and one that was regarded by the United States as a friendly gesture. I refer to the decision to send former heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali to Africa to persuade black nations to boycott the Olympics. Ali may be a great boxer, but is he the man to send on a sensitive diplomatic mission? France sent a team to the Moscow Olympics. Would President Carter send Jimmy Connors, or better still, Chris Evert Lloyd in her shorts, to persuade President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to change his mind? No. D'Estaing is a white head of state, you see. He is a sensible man. Carter's Georgian Mafia remains precisely that—Georgian.

The United States is going through a period when the Lying Adjective and the Angry Hyperbole have taken over its thought processes. These are perilous times. M. J. AKBAR

M. J. Akbar is the editor of Sunday, a leading weekly news journal published in India.

LETTERS.

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concluded that such a question would be relevant in the investigation as he now understands it and that he has determined that the matter was handled on a high plane by the F.B.I.

Buckley's friend Nichols agreed: "I think the thing for me to do is write Buckley a letter," he wrote Tolson on November 4. "Such a letter is attached. I suggest Gleason deliver it to Buckley and get over the point that the issue is now closed." Hoover also agreed. He sent Nichols's letter to Buckley to the New Haven office of the F.B.I. with instructions that it be delivered to Buckley. "It is not believed that it is necessary to make public the contents of the attached letter; however, it is felt Mr. Buckley should have this should any further question arise" (memorandum, the Director to S.A.C., New Haven, November 8, 1949).

That the real point of the episode was the relationship between the F.B.I. and Yale—a relationship in which Buckley's role, though deeply appreciated, was to run errands for his masters—is made clear in the letter of October 27, 1949, marked "Personal and Confidential," to Hoover from H. B. Fisher, "Liaison Officer, Yale University, Box 1111, Yale Station." Fisher, a Yale administrator, assured Hoover that the two F.B.I. representatives at Buckley's forum had met "the onslaughts of . . . Fowler Harper and Fred Rodell, two notorious antagonists and avowed enemies of the F.B.I. and its loyalty investigations. Both of

these men, as I have said many times, are dangerous individuals. One, Mr. Harper, has open comradery with the Communists. The other, Mr. Rodell, while claiming to frown upon all Communist activities, has open communion with these people and hobnobs in their mutual companionship." As to Buckley:

Bill Buckley, the Chairman of the Yale Daily News, one of the finest characters on the Yale campus in many years among students, has been very cool and very sincere through this whole matter. . . . Mr. Buckley had the summer months to lay plans for and do some exploring in answer to the Crimson article and when he returned to the campus this fall he . . . came straightwith to the New Haven Field Office for frank interviews with Mr. Gleason, then went straightwith to the administrative heads of this university, and included among this group was myself. Mr. Buckley and I had a long extended luncheon interview in which I gave him the entire background of the Yale program in its relation not only to the Bureau but to some one hundred twenty six different investigative bodies who have and are using Yale records and files and faculty for background and information concerning Yale men. I went against the advice of the University authorities in having this conference with Mr. Buckley. They were rather fearful of the consequences. However, after the luncheon session we had together, Mr. Buckley wrote me a little note from which I quote the last paragraph—

"I enjoyed extremely talking

with you and confess myself a confirmed admirer of your record."

This, of course, includes the record of the Bureau in our mutual relationships and problems and also Mr. Buckley's growing admiration for Yale University in meeting all of these issues by having such an animal as am I [sic] in this position.

Hoover was grateful to Fisher and Buckley. "It is our desire," he wrote Fisher at Yale on November 3, 1949, "that the F.B.I. will always be deserving of the confidence and support reflected in the editorial 'Hats Off to the F.B.I.' which appeared in the Yale Daily News. . . ."

And I am grateful to Buckley for the opportunity to show that his reluctance to discuss his role in this episode is perhaps less related to modesty than to other considerations. Revelation of what he did would not have been incriminating, only shameful. Still, Buckley's inability to comprehend even now the relatively minor role in which he was cast, while blinding him to the point of my article, gives me the chance to point out once again who the principals really were and to ask the question with which I concluded my article: "Why . . . were both the F.B.I. and Yale University so extraordinarily sensitive to what was, after all, only an article in an undergraduate newspaper and so assiduous in denying that any relationship existed between them?" Now that Buckley has been assured that no one is accusing him of acting illegally, perhaps he will feel secure enough to provide his own answer to that question. *Sigmond Diamond*

ARTICLES.

■ KAMPUCHEA'S U.N. SEAT

Breaking Away From Pol Pot

GARETH PORTER

As Robert Rosenstock, the U.S. representative to the United Nations Credentials Committee, rose from his seat last September after voting for the committee's recommendation to seat Pol Pot's "Democratic Kampuchea," someone grabbed his hand to congratulate him. Rosenstock looked up to find to his horror that he was shaking hands with Pol Pot's foreign min-

ister, Ieng Sary. "I felt like washing my hands," recalls Rosenstock.

That brief encounter illustrated the Carter Administration's chagrin over giving diplomatic support to an ousted regime that the President himself had called the world's worst violator of human rights two years earlier. By lending legitimacy to a Government whose bloody tyranny cost the lives of from one to two million Cambodians, the Administration cynically sold its self-proclaimed support for human rights for dubious diplomatic benefits.

Privately, some Administration officials now admit that the real reasons for the pro-Pol Pot vote were neither the legalistic ones cited publicly nor realistic geopolitical

Gareth Porter, a Congressional foreign policy adviser, is the author of Peace Denied (Indiana University Press) and Cambodia, Starvation and Revolution (Monthly Review).

calculations. Instead, the vote was cast in response to diplomatic pressures from China and members of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN).

With a second Kampuchean credentials vote coming up this month in the General Assembly, some U.S. officials now admit that another vote for Pol Pot will do nothing to advance American objectives in Southeast Asia—particularly the withdrawal of Vietnamese troops from Kampuchea. But, they say, the United States is already too locked into the position of China, Japan and the ASEAN states to do otherwise. This shows the degree to which the United States has forfeited its capacity for independent judgment and action in Southeast Asia.

The last time around, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance was repelled by the prospect of voting for Pol Pot's murderous regime and agreed to it only on the condition that the United States would also introduce a resolution in the General Assembly condemning the Cambodian dictator's crimes. But the United States encountered strong opposition from the ASEAN and Chinese delegations, who were pushing their own resolution which condemned the Vietnamese occupation and called for unconditional withdrawal of Vietnamese troops. These nations felt that the U.S.-sponsored resolution interfered with their efforts to line up support.

The U.S. Mission agreed to defer its human-rights resolution, but then a new problem arose. The State Department sought to balance the attack on Pol Pot's violations of human rights with a call for an inquiry into human rights under the Vietnamese-sponsored Heng Samrin regime. European countries resisted that idea, fearing it would jeopardize emergency relief operations in Kampuchea requiring Vietnamese cooperation. Citing the European arguments and lack of support in the General Assembly, the U.S. Mission advised against going ahead and the resolution was dropped.

The Administration's legalistic rationale for its pro-Pol Pot vote was that the General Assembly must seat the government whose credentials had been accepted in the previous session in the absence of a "superior claim" to the seat. Whether or not the regime installed by the Vietnamese in January 1979 has a superior claim is obviously debatable, but in the past, new governments have not been denied credentials simply because they were installed by foreign troops—witness the post-Idi Amin regime in Uganda.

Moreover, the Pol Pot regime's claim is seriously flawed by its lack of control over the territory and population of Kampuchea. The State Department's own internal policy memorandums conceded that this was the strongest argument against voting to seat Pol Pot.

A second argument for keeping the Pol Pot regime in the Kampuchean seat was that to expel it would amount to the United Nations' condoning the Vietnamese intervention. Thus a vote for Pol Pot was a vote for national sovereignty. But if this reasoning were carried to its logical conclusion, Pol Pot should be returned to power, something both U.S. officials and the ASEAN states who pushed for Pol Pot's seating could not countenance.

Again, it is not enshrined in United Nations tradition that

the way to protest against foreign intervention or occupation is to keep deposed dictatorships in their old seats at the General Assembly. A more logical way of upholding the principle of sovereignty in Kampuchea is to pass a resolution on the specific issue, and last November the General Assembly did call for the withdrawal of Vietnamese troops from Kampuchea.

The Carter Administration need not have impaled itself on a choice between the bloody Pol Pot regime and its Vietnamese-installed rival at the United Nations. U.S. officials had already said publicly that neither regime represented the Kampuchean people, and the position consistent with this view would have been a vote to leave the seat vacant until a Government with a clearer claim to legitimacy emerges.

But the vacant-seat option was ruled out because of opposition from the ASEAN states and China. Whatever their public rationale, these countries were pursuing a broader strategy of bolstering the Khmer Rouge forces in order to deny the Vietnamese and the Heng Samrin Government secure control of Kampuchea. That strategy was publicly articulated by Singapore's Ambassador to the United Nations, T. T. B. Koh, who said that isolating Vietnam within the international community, combined with continued guerrilla warfare by Pol Pot's forces, could force the Vietnamese to "rethink their policy" in Kampuchea.

China and Thailand took the lead in implementing this "Pol Pot strategy" in 1979. While publicly denying any involvement in the Kampuchean conflict, Bangkok permitted China to supply Pol Pot's forces through Thailand and allowed the guerrillas to use Thailand as a sanctuary. U.S. officials suggest that the Thais see Pol Pot's guerrillas as both a bargaining chip with the Vietnamese and a means of wearing them down over the next few years. "Because they



DRAWINGS BY ARNOLD ROTH

have Chinese backing against Vietnam," says one U.S. specialist, "the Thais hope the Pol Pot forces will hold out four or five years to bleed the Vietnamese into negotiating."

The Carter Administration insists that its Kampuchean policy has no connection with such a strategy. But the United States has certainly not protested it to the Thais or the Chinese. "When we question the Chinese about their arming of Pol Pot," said one State Department official late last year, "they say, 'What do you propose?' So far we haven't come up with anything better than hand-wringing." Another official admits that the United States has been "straddling the fence" on Thailand's assistance to Pol Pot's guerrillas.

Most officials expect the United States will again yield to ASEAN-Chinese pressure and vote with them on the Kampuchean seat. But the issue has generated considerable debate within the Administration. "It's a debate over which elements of U.S. interest—human rights, ASEAN, China or post-Afghanistan global policy—are most important," a State Department official explained. The department's human rights office fought against voting for Pol Pot, as it did last year, but Administration sources say there has also been a debate within the East Asia Bureau itself.

One development that has given a new impetus to the debate is erosion of support for the Pol Pot side within the United Nations. Administration sources predict a slippage of ten to fifteen votes in this session—although most of these will be abstentions rather than switches of support to the Heng Samrin Government. Nevertheless, U.S. officials anticipate a steady drift toward the Vietnamese-supported regime, which will culminate in its being seated in 1981. "I think it's virtually a given that this is the last year for Pol Pot," says one official. "Even the ASEAN states admit that next year they just won't be able to win."

Furthermore, the earlier optimistic assumptions about the military effectiveness of the Khmer Rouge guerrillas in

wearing down the Vietnamese, which were based on their survival of the Vietnamese dry-season offensive, are being revised downward. "They haven't done nearly as much as we thought they would," observes one specialist.

The wild card in the debate within the Administration may be independent Presidential candidate John Anderson, who has privately expressed strong opposition to U.S. support for Pol Pot. Campaign sources say Anderson is ready to blast Jimmy Carter for last year's vote and point out the contradiction between Carter's claim to be the champion of human rights and his diplomatic support for Pol Pot at the United Nations. Such an Anderson statement before the General Assembly vote could tip the scales against any further U.S. support for seating Pol Pot.

Even those who believe the United States must go along with ASEAN and China once more say this is the last time the United States can be expected to do so. One official who is resigned to a repetition of last year's vote says the United States ought to suggest to the Chinese that they give Pol Pot a "retirement commune" for his guerrillas in Yunnan Province. Once the vote is over, he says, the United States may ask the ASEAN states to consult with Washington on a more realistic approach to the Kampuchean problem.

The United States may get support from Malaysia and Indonesia if it calls for a new initiative. Both Governments have publicly distanced themselves from China's strategy of "bleeding" the Vietnamese in Kampuchea and have called attention to the disadvantages of ASEAN support for Pol Pot. After a conference between Malaysian Prime Minister Datuk Hussein and Indonesian President Suharto last March, Indonesian officials were telling reporters that continued resistance by Pol Pot's guerrillas would only prolong the presence of Hanoi's forces in Kampuchea.

Hussein and Suharto put forward an alternative to the Pol Pot strategy, the so-called "Kuantan formula," which suggests that a Kampuchean settlement must be based on Vietnam's independence of both the Soviet Union and China. A Malaysian broadcast immediately after the meeting said the two states would tell Vietnam that the United States and other Western countries could help find a solution to the Kampuchean problem. According to Malaysian diplomatic sources, this implied that the United States could contribute to a solution by offering support to Vietnam's independence of both Communist powers.

This Malaysian-Indonesian strategy assumes that Vietnam will not be driven to make concessions on Kampuchea by the cost of maintaining troops there or by the military threat from Pol Pot. They suggest, rather, that the United States and ASEAN could offer to restrain China vis-à-vis Vietnam, giving Hanoi a positive incentive to cooperate. But this alternative strategy necessitates U.S. willingness to attempt to influence China's policy toward Vietnam as well as Vietnam's policy toward the Soviet Union and Kampuchea. And it is precisely the American unwillingness to get involved diplomatically in Indochina that is the root cause of the bizarre U.S. alignment with Pol Pot at the United Nations.

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HOW TO HELP PROTECT YOUR CHILD'S LIFE

CHILD RESTRAINT SYSTEMS IN CARS CAN LOWER THE RISK OF SERIOUS INJURY

The facts aren't pretty. Each year, more small children are killed in automobile accidents than in drownings, fires, or falls. And that's only part of the story. About 46,000 children under the age of five are injured in auto accidents every year. Experts estimate that the vast majority of these fatalities could have been prevented and most injuries reduced if Child Restraint Systems had been used. The tragedy is that less than 10% of all children in cars are properly restrained in child seats.

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Holding a child in your arms is not a substitute for a Child Restraint System. Some people think that by holding a child in a car they are protecting him or her. But safety experts disagree. In an accident, a child in a parent's arms can be crushed between the car's interior and the unrestrained

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Please make sure that when you have a child in the car, he or she is adequately protected. If you have a Child Restraint System, always use it. If you don't have child restraints, read your Owner's Manual and learn how the seat belts your car does have can be used to protect your child. And always remember to wear seat belts yourself. Because no matter how careful you may be, accidents can, and do, happen.

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Although the tilt toward China in its quarrels with Vietnam has been explained by various strategic rationales, there is also a powerful emotional basis for the policy: It allows the United States to remain disengaged from the part of the world where it suffered a painful defeat—a kind of diplomatic “post-Vietnam syndrome.” When a State Department official was asked in mid-1978 why the United States did not do something to prevent the Sino-Vietnamese conflict from getting out of control, he replied, “Maybe we should be more active, but the hangover from the war is such that we can’t. The American people don’t want the U.S. to try to maintain the independence of the Indochinese countries.”

But the phobia against diplomatic involvement in Indochina is not confined to the general public or to Congress. It also reflects the powerful negative emotions about Vietnam still held by some national security officials, one of whom declared privately last year that he was delighted that the Vietnamese were “stewing in their own juice.” That Vietnam’s problems with China and Kampuchea have resulted in developments that seriously affect peace and stability in the region seemed less important to this official than the satisfaction that Vietnam was “getting what it deserved.”

As the United States has ceased to exercise an independent influence on Indochina, the impact of the Sino-Soviet rivalry has grown accordingly. The inevitable result has been greater Soviet and Chinese political-military involvement in the region and a trend toward polarization of the states there into pro-Chinese and anti-Chinese blocs.

The issue of the vote on Kampuchea’s United Nations seat thus points to the real crisis in U.S. policy in Southeast Asia: While still maintaining security commitments and military forces in the region, the United States is unwilling to use its diplomatic influence to reduce tensions and reverse the dangerous trends that could draw it into a future military conflict. □

■ THE SOLAR MONOPOLY

Big Business Reaches for The Sun

SCOTT DENMAN

Back in the early days of the solar movement, it was not uncommon to hear an idealistic solar enthusiast declare: “Sunshine is free; no one can own the sun!” That naïveté has evaporated as the oil industry, aerospace firms, public utilities and other corporate giants have maneuvered to plug into solar development. A contest over who will eventually control the

sun’s energy is being waged between energy conglomerates and small, innovative businesses. There are now 929 firms producing some 17,000 solar devices, but as Alabama’s freshman Senator Donald Stewart points out, “Two-thirds of the top solar firms are part of companies with over \$100 billion in annual sales.”

Major corporate interests, particularly the petroleum multinationals, now have secured a lion’s share of the young but booming industry in solar photovoltaic cells. Nine of the ten largest photovoltaic companies are owned by major corporations, and six are controlled by multinational oil firms. Exxon and Atlantic Richfield (Arco) have a firm grip on nearly half the solar cells industry.

Solarex Corporation of Rockville, Maryland, the world’s largest producer of solar cells, is an excellent case study of the oil interests’ movement into the solar field. Solarex, long the standard-bearer for successful, independent small solar businesses, was partially purchased by Amoco (Standard Oil of Indiana) last summer. Although Amoco controls only approximately 25 percent of Solarex, the move is typical of the oil conglomerates’ involvement in the industry. Solarex officials announced that Amoco’s investment will be rewarded by grants, research contracts and solar cell demonstration projects from the Federal Government. Other conglomerates have acquired solar divisions under their corporate umbrellas, including Gulf Oil, Texaco, Mobil Oil, United Nuclear, General Electric, Westinghouse, RCA and Coors Beer.

The movement of multinationals into the solar field has not been limited by national boundaries. Shell Oil now owns a controlling interest in Solahart-Australia, which produces 87 percent of the solar systems bought in Australia. Furthermore, the oil industry either owns or controls more than 99 percent of domestic copper production. Copper is the essential element in making solar equipment. The energy conglomerates are also moving into alcohol fuels production, wind systems (Rockwell International is in charge of the Department of Energy’s small-scale wind program), geothermal energy production and Ocean Thermal Energy Conversion.

But the commitment of these mega-businesses to solar energy is hedged. Publicly, they downplay solar’s potential contribution to our nation’s energy supply. “The warm feelings generated by Sun Day . . . won’t substitute for Science!” proclaimed a recent Mobil advertising campaign. Similar Exxon advertisements prompted Colorado Senator Gary Hart to raise the rhetorical question: “Could it be that Exxon hopes that solar stays under wraps until the world’s fossil fuel markets are exhausted?” And Alfred Dougherty, former director of the Federal Trade Commission’s bureau of competition, warned: “If the oil companies control substantial amounts of substitute fuels, and they may slow

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the pace of production of alternate fuels in order to protect the value of their oil and gas reserves, any decision an oil company makes concerning the production of substitute fuels would logically take into account existing oil and gas reserves and related capital assets."

Yet despite the less than enthusiastic attitude of the corporate giants toward rapid solar commercialization, the Federal Government is virtually handing them the solar market on a silver platter. So pervasively have the large corporations dominated the Federal solar grant and contract scene that, in each of the last five years, big businesses (those with more than 500 employees) have never received less than 87 percent of the Government's solar research, development and demonstration funds. Even the Energy Department's 1979 *Semiannual Report to Congress* reflects that agency's lack of confidence in small businesses: "Though the solar energy industry at present consists mainly of small businesses, the majority of government funds channeled into the industry have been in the areas of research and development, and *therefore* have been directed to large corporations and educational institutions." (Emphasis added.) Christopher Burke, assistant advocate for the Small Business Administration, agrees that the D.O.E.'s policies are slanted in favor of big business. "The basic problem is an attitudinal problem," he says. "The D.O.E. does not feel comfortable dealing with small organizations." Noting that a National Science Foundation study concluded that small businesses were twenty-four times more cost-effective than big businesses in developing new technologies, Burke charges, "The D.O.E. is squandering taxpayers' dollars when it gives money to the less innovative large firms."

Solar equipment produced by the large corporations is often two to five times more expensive and more technically complicated. Several hearings before the Senate Small Business Committee have shown a wide pricing gulf between the cost of similar solar units manufactured by different-sized companies. Harry Thomason, one of the world's solar pioneers, frets that the Government has reinforced the "gold-plating" of the solar market by "giving the impression you can't have reliable solar without spending \$15,000 to \$20,000 for it. It's just not true." Thomason's solar collector system generates about two-thirds the water and space heating required by an average home at a cost of approximately \$7,500. Piper-Hydro of California, another small solar concern, is installing its unit for the cost of an equivalent conventional heating system—about \$2,000.

The ability of a major business to undersell or underbid a smaller competitor has had a significant impact on the solar equipment procurement programs of Federal agencies. In 1977, for example, nearly 70 percent of the \$6 million allocation for a solar demonstration program operated by the Department of Housing and Urban Development went to seven large corporate solar manufacturers. Lengthy delays in the contract process, voluminous paperwork and inability to match the skilled grantsmanship of major corporations severely tax the limited resources of small businesses.

An investigation of its own Office of Solar Applications by the Department of Energy's internal watchdog, the Inspector General, found that of the grants, contracts and procurements reviewed, 80 percent were made on an unjustified noncompetitive basis. The Inspector General also uncovered questionable management practices, misrepresentation of ability to perform contractual obligations and misrepresentation of whether contracted firms actually performed a unique and otherwise unavailable service. Frequent overruns cost the taxpayers a full 100 percent more than the original contracts stipulated. Delays in fulfillment of contract schedules resulted in the loss of additional and as yet untold millions.

In perspective, the Energy Department's Big Business bias is no accident. For years, the Government's energy establishment has been well supplied with personnel from the energy industry and vice versa. As a result, the D.O.E. approaches solar technologies in much the same way as the major energy corporations. The emphasis is on technically complex, expensive and centralized technologies, rather than on smaller-scale, localized solar technologies that could be manufactured, retailed and installed by small businesses.

As an example, the centerpiece of the D.O.E.'s solar thermal program is the ten-megawatt "Power Tower" under construction in Barstow, California. The Power Tower, to be completed in 1981 at an estimated cost of \$164 million, receives reflected sunlight from hundreds of computer-focused mirrors and transports that thermal energy to an on-site steam turbine, which generates electricity. *Science* magazine called it an example of the Government's habitual preference for centralized solar systems and its habitual use of major corporations to



develop and perpetuate its programs.

Jerry Braun, the D.O.E.'s amiable director for Solar Thermal Systems (which oversees the Power Tower effort) admits that "those most committed to solar have benefited least from Federal funding." But, "what you want to do with Power Tower," insists Braun, "is to give the R&D to those firms which are going to ultimately handle the production of the technology." When questioned about the appropriateness of handing one or a few firms what amounts to a technological monopoly, Braun responded: "I think it's fair." Major contractors for the program include McDonnell Douglas, Martin-Marietta, General Electric and Southern California Edison. Coincidentally, Braun was the head of solar development at Southern California Edison prior to his Government appointment.

Looming on the horizon is the prospect of a national program to commercialize solar power satellites (S.P.S.). The S.P.S. program proposal would place sixty satellites, each larger than Manhattan island, into orbit 22,500 miles above Earth's surface. The satellites, covered with photovoltaic cells, would convert sunlight into electricity and beam it to Earth in the form of microwaves. A three-year \$25 million preliminary feasibility study will be made public in November. If approved, the S.P.S. concept would be expanded into a thirty-year program costing a minimum of \$500 billion to \$800 billion. Energetic promoters already are lobbying Congress to win substantial funding increases for "technical verification" of S.P.S. (When asked during the public hearings on S.P.S. what "technical verification" meant, National Aeronautics and Space Administration chief Robert Frosch replied: "I really can't tell you.") S.P.S. backers have created several organizations to help further the project. The membership of one such organization, the Sunsat Energy Council, resembles a *Who's Who* of the space and power industries, including representatives from Grumman Aerospace, Westinghouse, General Electric, Southern California Edison, Boeing, RCA and others.

Existing solar standards also encourage big industries because they are not applicable to simple and proven solar technologies like "breadbox" water heaters and "Trombe" wall solar collectors. Conformance with the standards generally is a prerequisite for receiving certain Government support grants, but small solar companies whose devices might satisfy the established standards frequently cannot afford the expense of having their systems tested (the cost of testing a solar collector to determine if it meets standards can be more than \$1,500). According to Harlan Anderson, an independent solar researcher in Burnsville, Minnesota, "There are more rules put on solar than any other industry except the nuclear industry. It would cost me \$250,000 to satisfy the National Bureau of Standards' criteria for my black liquid solar collector fluid [Anderson's invention] to be put on the market. The standards are ahead of the state of the art." Anderson says a moratorium should be placed on such standards until the new solar industry can economically cope with them.

When seeking to develop a creative solar concept, small businesses are caught in a Catch-22 situation. Without Government support, they frequently cannot afford to carry out their plans. But by law, if they accept Government support for developing an invention, they lose the patent rights to it, making commercial production economically unfeasible. Large businesses, on the other hand, have the capital to utilize their Government grant to develop a large portion of their solar research work and then use their own money to complete and patent technologically "key" parts of the system. The number of solar patents assigned to major corporations has skyrocketed since the late 1960s.

Even when small businesses and individual entrepreneurs succeed in obtaining patent rights for solar devices and/or processes, they may face other obstacles. Anderson began investigating, in 1972, the potential for developing a new collector fluid for an active, heat-pump-assisted residential solar unit. Successfully concluding his research in October 1975, Anderson reports, "I got the patents on the 'black liquid' . . . and the Government turned around and awarded Battelle Research Institute \$125,000 to develop the same fluid!" The Anderson system, inspected by White House representatives seeking to solarize the Presidential swimming pool, was functional. And, he claims, the Government knew of his working system when it funded Battelle for "just a simulated system." "The Government has retarded the development of black liquids for solar collectors, contributed to patent violation and, from a personal standpoint, made it impossible for me to get into the business," Anderson says. "No financiers would back me because they considered the Government's grant to someone else to be a sign of 'no confidence' in my design."

These and other Government policies are encouraging the influx of major oil, utility, aerospace and other firms into the solar market, but few efforts are being made by the agencies responsible to use existing antitrust statutes to keep the solar market competitive. The Justice Department's antitrust division and, especially, the Federal Trade Commission's bureau of competition have taken an interest in this problem. But inadequate staff and budget, coupled with the current antiregulation mood on Capitol Hill, insure that the effectiveness of any such efforts will be stifled.

The Energy Department has allotted only one staff member from its General Counsel's office to handle on a part-time basis problems of solar competition. In an internal study never publicly released, the department admitted that "in the absence of antitrust enforcement and other regulatory activity by the appropriate solar energy program agencies, the potential exists in the solar industry for monopolistic pricing, restrictions of supply, delays or reductions in technological innovation and product improvement, and a Government-induced decline in competition in the industry." The same document notes that while the Federal Solar Heating and Cooling Demonstration Act called for realistic and adequate opportunities for small-business participation, there is no requirement for studies of the anti-trust consequences of the grants and contract awards by the D.O.E. and other agencies with solar programs.

In spite of these and previously described roadblocks to a solar transition, the future is not entirely bleak. President Jimmy Carter has set a national goal of 20 percent dependency on solar energy sources by the year 2000. Others, including the Council on Environmental Quality and Denis Hayes, the director of the Solar Energy Research Institute, urge a higher goal—up to 33 percent. “Solar is so viable now that, if the Government didn’t do a bloomin’ thing, we’d achieve the 20 percent,” insists Thomas Stelson, D.O.E. Assistant Secretary for Conservation and Solar Energy. “If we do it right, we’ll do better than that.”

The Massachusetts Energy Policy Office reported last year that a \$480 million solar investment to retrofit half the buildings in the state would create 32,000 jobs and save an equivalent of 9.5 million megawatts of electricity per year. The study notes that equivalent nuclear development would generate fewer than half those jobs at five times the cost per unit of energy. A Senate commerce subcommittee staff proposal sent to the President shows that a \$1.65 billion commitment to conservation programs would create more than 100,000 new jobs and save two billion gallons of oil per year.

The transition to solar energy independence won’t be easy or cheap. But these and other studies clearly illustrate that our problems do not lie with solar technology. Rather, our most pressing and challenging problem is disencumbering the solar movement from the talons of the energy conglomerates and their advocates in Government.

Several solutions have been tendered by elected officials and solar activists. On the national level, Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy has twice introduced divestiture legislation prohibiting large corporations from investing in a competing resource, only to have his colleagues vote the measures down. At the state level, California State Senators Alan Sieroty and Nicholas Petris introduced a bill that would limit each company to control of no more than 10 percent of the solar market. Governor Jerry Brown, with the help of activists like Tom Hayden and Fred Branfman of the Campaign for Economic Democracy, has established a public corporation, SolarCal, to encourage solar development. SolarCal and other efforts apparently are effective—California accounts for almost half of the nation’s sales of solar items.

There has been slight progress in easing conglomerate control of Government solar contracts. After several years of hearings, debate and frustration, the Senate Small Business Committee finally succeeded, on April 30, in pushing the Energy Department to develop a plan giving small businesses a bigger slice of the solar contracts pie. The Solar Energy Research Institute recently reserved 23 percent of its budget for small firms.

But Don Green of ACTION and a growing number of solar advocates feel that divestiture of the energy conglomerates in concert with a total redirection of Government research and development funds to support small-scale, locally based, cost-effective solar energy resources is necessary. “We should either equalize or eliminate Government subsidies of the various energy sources,” Green says,

Robert Aldridge, Norman Birnbaum,
Blair Clark, Ramsey Clark, Fred Cook,
E.L. Doctorow, Robert Engler,
Richard Falk, Jules Feiffer, Tom Ferguson
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"thereby giving solar an equal chance through Government support or by standing on its own." Another measure intended to help small business is to reduce the maximum number of employees that qualify a business to receive "small business" status from 500 to 100 and match the amount of Federal R&D dollars received by small business to the percentage of annual contribution that small businesses make to the gross national product (approximately 48 percent).

Some solar activists have proposed the creation of an independent solar development agency or a locally controlled "solar congress" to prevent the potential of solar energy from being thwarted by other interests. Such designs, however, must be politically cogent and supported by a wider audience than now participates in the generation of alternative energy policy. Given the current favorable sociopolitical climate for decentralization of power, such a movement might succeed if well coordinated and persistent.

Regardless of the path taken, only a strong, concerted effort will re-establish the competition that is vital to the development of solar energy. It must be made clear to the oil industry and others that the promise of a solar society will be neither diminished nor deferred by selfish interests. Oligarchical control of the nation's energy supply has no place in the future of our democratic society. □

Myth

(Continued From Front Cover)

Then in February 1976, *Fortune* showed Soviet military spending in 1971 soaring ahead so that, by 1975, it surpassed U.S. spending by 43 percent.

Beginning in March 1978, Carter, taking up Zbigniew Brzezinski's cry, used the C.I.A. figures in speeches warning that the Soviet Union was outspending us. Typical was this exchange in a press conference on January 26, 1979:

Q: Since Secretary [of Defense Harold] Brown told the Congress yesterday that the U.S. arsenal is far and away superior to that of the Soviet Union . . . why did you not see fit to keep your campaign promise to reduce the defense budget instead of raising it?

A: I think we are able . . . to match any military capability that the Soviets have. . . . But in the last 10 or 15 years the Soviets every year have had above and beyond inflationary costs a 4 or 5 percent increase in allocation of funds for defense purposes.

Yet a month later, echoing his Defense Secretary, Carter was saying, "We are a strong nation—the strongest on earth: militarily, politically, economically. I'm committed to preserving that strength—even enhancing it." Such official schizophrenia is typical of Washington propaganda: boasts

of superiority over the Soviet Union and threats of a first strike at one moment and pleas for tens more billions to meet the "superior" Soviet buildup the next.

Presumably the military leaders of both sides can evaluate the balance of forces with reasonable accuracy. It is an extremely complex process, involving two entirely different levels of warfare, conventional and nuclear; the destructive power of strategic weapons and their comparative accuracy; geographical location and mobility, and productive capacity, not to mention moral and political factors. Moreover, analysis must go beyond the United States and the U.S.S.R. to include the allies of both, as well as today's quasi U.S. ally, China. And annual changes in the balance are similarly complex.

Taking all these factors into account, military men must then estimate their ability to destroy the potential adversary and to avoid destruction by him. Military theorists may attempt, in this process, to work out numerical indexes of comparative destructive power. But the important point here is that comparison of military budgets, no matter how adjusted and computed, is only one factor in such calculations. If used crudely and in isolation from other factors, it becomes a numbers game. As played by the C.I.A. and the Administration, it aims to mislead the public so as to win support for a new, dangerous round in the arms race.

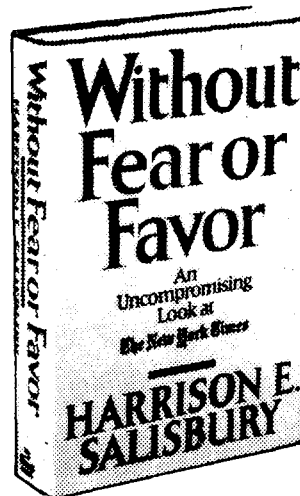
There have been refutations of the C.I.A. calculations in *The Nation* [see Les Aspin, "Budget Time at the Pentagon," April 3, 1976] and elsewhere, but in recent years the figures have been largely unchallenged in the press. In 1979, however, the influential Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI) dealt them a sharp blow. SIPRI attributes the big military expenditure increase by North Atlantic Treaty Organization countries to "a successful propaganda exercise" based on skewed C.I.A. data. It finds "a clear bias" in the "propositions . . . about Soviet military expenditures," which are central to "'presentation of the threat' in NATO countries, particularly in the United States." SIPRI finds the C.I.A.'s estimate of the Soviet military effort "a wholly misleading figure for virtually any purpose."

Even within the general framework of the C.I.A.'s method, if corrections are made for distortions revealed by the Agency's limited supporting data, its conclusions are refuted. The Sovietologist Franklyn Holzman does that, to some extent, in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's quarterly *International Security* (No. 1, 1980) and *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* (June 1980). When the C.I.A.'s distortions are accounted for, the United States is shown to spend substantially more than the Soviet Union, and the NATO alliance as a whole far more than the Warsaw Treaty Organization (W.T.O.)—keeping in mind the limited value of all such statistics as indexes of military preparation.

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* *A Dollar Cost Comparison of Soviet and U.S. Defense Activities, 1968-78. Estimated Soviet Defense Spending: Trends and Prospects. Soviet and U.S. Defense Activities, 1970-79: A Dollar Cost Comparison.*

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The first thing to note about the C.I.A. figures is that the C.I.A. does not provide estimates of Soviet military spending; it calculates what the cost would be if the items it presumes the Soviet military buys were purchased for dollars in the United States. That is an entirely different matter.

The Soviet military budget for 1980 is 17.1 billion rubles, which, at the current exchange rate of about \$1.60 per ruble, amounts to \$27.4 billion—or about one-fifth the U.S. military budget of \$135.7 billion (before the latest supplementals). But the C.I.A. claims that in 1979 the cost of Soviet purchases for military purposes was already \$165 billion—i.e., the cost of buying the equivalent hardware in the United States. Its comparable computation for 1980 would be well above \$200 billion.

Carter and the media accept these estimates as the actual amount of Soviet military spending—a crude but effective deception. All statisticians and economists, and even the C.I.A., admit that this kind of dollar-conversion analysis exaggerates Soviet costs. A statistically “correct” procedure would be to make a complementary calculation of the U.S. military budget in rubles and average the two. Objective observers, including SIPRI and Holzman, conclude that the ruble calculation would show Soviet expenditures to be less than those of the United States even if one accepted the C.I.A.’s dollar figures. The C.I.A. does not publish a ruble comparison, however, because to do so would obviously weaken its case.

That is because of the well-known “index number problem,” which results from the fact that any country adjusts its pattern of production to utilize resources that are plentiful and cheap in place of those that are scarce and expensive. For example, titanium is rare in the United States and hence more expensive in dollars, while superpowerful, fast computers are nonexistent in the U.S.S.R. and hence infinitely expensive in rubles. To price titanium by what it sells for in the United States exaggerates Soviet costs; to price U.S. supercomputers in accordance with what the Soviet Union must pay for them sends U.S. costs through the roof.

A glaring example of how the C.I.A. finagles facts can be found in the Agency’s report covering 1968-78: “We place our highest confidence in the estimate of personnel costs, which comprises about 35 percent of the total estimated dollar cost of Soviet defense activities for the 1968-78 period. These manpower costs are obtained by applying U.S. factors for pay and allowances to estimates of Soviet military manpower.”

Since the C.I.A. claims that the U.S.S.R. has twice as many servicemen as the United States has, its estimate of the Soviet military payroll, in U.S. dollar prices, is about double the corresponding U.S. figure. This calculation is the biggest single figure in the C.I.A.’s claim that Soviet military spending exceeds that of the United States. In fact, the Soviet military payroll is a fraction of the United States’, since Soviet soldiers are paid much less than Soviet civilians who, in turn, average less than half the wages and salaries of U.S. workers.

The comparative fighting ability of the Soviet soldier and the American soldier is not at issue. But one doesn’t value goods by the number of workers needed to produce them. According to Soviet estimates, Soviet productivity of goods and services is 40 percent of the U.S. level. And that applies in the armed forces as well as civilian life. The SIPRI report says that the number of Soviet soldiers manning a missile is five times the U.S. number. If the 40 percent average ratio were applied to all military activities, and if Soviet military manpower is actually double that of the United States, then the real value of military manpower services purchased by the U.S.S.R. is 20 percent less than that purchased by the United States, not 100 percent more.

Here is another example—there are many—of crude distortions in the C.I.A. figures. An important part of the military budget is for research, development, test and evaluation (RDT&E). According to the C.I.A., “the estimate for Soviet RDT&E outlays is the least reliable of our estimates . . . based on highly aggregated and uncertain data, we cannot speak with confidence, nor in detail.”

Given this uncertainty, one might expect that the C.I.A. would be cautious in dealing with this item. On the contrary, the Agency pronounces it “the fastest growing category” in the Soviet military budget, increasing twice as rapidly as the rest of its military spending!

Although these two items alone are sufficient to throw doubt upon the C.I.A.’s conclusions, they are far from being the only distortions. For example, it claims in *Soviet and U.S. Defense Activities 1970-79*: “Estimated in constant dollars, Soviet defense activities increased at an average annual rate of 3 percent.” Where, then, did Carter get the 4 to 5 percent per year figure, which is “rounded” to 5 percent by some commentators and “stretched” by hawks like Senator Sam Nunn (in a letter to his constituents) to 6 to 8 percent per year?

The answer is he took it from another C.I.A. study of Soviet defense spending based on rubles. Yes, while refusing to compare U.S. and Soviet military spending in rubles, the C.I.A. *did* publish a weirdly constructed series on Soviet spending in rubles, using data that have no relation to the actual Soviet budget. In that report, *Estimated Soviet Defense Spending: Trends and Prospects*, the C.I.A. states that between 1967 and 1977 Soviet military spending, in rubles, increased at the rate of 4 to 5 percent per year. Unfortunately for its own credibility, the C.I.A. gave the ruble figures on which these percentages were supposedly based. These show a growth rate of between 3.8 percent and 4.2 percent per year or, using a broader Soviet definition of military spending, as little as 3.4 percent per year.

Thus, the 5 percent figure turns out to be wrong by the C.I.A.’s own evidence. But it had a lot to do with pushing the “real” growth rate of U.S. military spending up to and beyond 5 percent. The difference between the former 3 percent growth rate and the present 5 percent (at least) growth rate in the U.S. military budget will add up to about \$75 billion in the next five years.

Still another statistical flaw: the C.I.A. does not publish detailed breakdowns of its calculations—for example, how

many planes of each type and the cost per plane. No one can judge whether the figures are credible. No statistician, in civilian matters, could get away with withholding such fundamental data. And, in view of the C.I.A.'s systematic use of the lie as a political weapon, there is no reason to accept on trust its findings on such a crucial issue.

And one more important distortion: the C.I.A. fully allows for quality improvement in Soviet weaponry, but not in U.S. weaponry. That is, if a new Soviet plane is twice as maneuverable and has twice the destructive power of the old model, the C.I.A. gives it twice the value, regardless of whether or not it cost more than the old model in rubles. But in the case of U.S. weaponry, if the price of a plane doubles over a period, the C.I.A. says, in effect, that there was no "real" increase in U.S. spending for the plane, even if the new model has five times the destructive power and range and more speed than the former one. The "bigger bang for a buck" is a very important consideration in weaponry, and a proper evaluation of it would show a "real" increase, not a decrease, in U.S. military spending in the 1970s. For example, *Business Week* (August 11) reports that the Wasp missile costing \$25,000 is replacing the Maverick which costs \$65,000 and may be replaced in turn by a third-generation missile performing the same mission still better for \$5,000.

This is especially important with regard to strategic weaponry. Within this category, the decisive components are advanced electronic elements, miniaturized computers and the like. There has been, and continues to be, a very rapid multiplication of effectiveness in this technology. Conservatively, computer effectiveness per dollar doubles every three years and multiplies by ten every decade. Thus, if "real" spending for strategic weapons—adjusted for ordinary price inflation—stays the same, the destructive power purchased, including accuracy, multiple independent targeting capacity and so on, would increase several times over. This means that the multiple overkill capacity of Soviet and U.S. strategic weaponry is increasing exponentially. Considering both power and accuracy, a few years' production of a new strategic weapons system may double the potential

either side has to eliminate all human life.

In the case of World War II weaponry, an advantage of two to one in production of tanks, planes, guns and other conventional arms of equal quality would be sufficient to ensure ultimate victory. But the destructive power of nuclear weapons is so vast that a two-to-one advantage may in reality mean a draw in which everybody loses. Our Strangeloves are striving for a decisive advantage in accuracy, location, concealment and, above all, capability of quick surprise attack in order to annihilate the Soviet Union without retaliation. Obviously the U.S.S.R. is doing all it can to counter this.

The United States and the Soviet Union have different economic systems, different pricing systems, different military objectives, different military force structures and procurement schedules. So comparisons of "real" (adjusted for price and quality) purchases of military goods and services by the two countries would be exceedingly difficult, even if one had access to all the facts. The simple translation of the Soviet military budget into dollars (or of U.S. military spending into rubles), which yields Soviet military spending at one-fifth the U.S. level, probably significantly understates the relative Soviet military effort. On the other hand, as I have shown, the C.I.A. method grossly exaggerates the relative Soviet military effort.

The estimates provided by SIPRI, a reasonably neutral source that has intensively studied the material, present a range that may be "within the ballpark," but is still somewhat biased in favor of the C.I.A. approach. SIPRI essentially accepts the official U.S. figures, including the exaggerated downward adjustment to "real" terms by ignoring the quality factor. For the U.S.S.R., SIPRI strikes a sort of average between the official Soviet figures and the C.I.A. estimates. But, inexplicably, SIPRI converts rubles into dollars at a much higher than official rate, using a U.S. source (Ruth Sivard's *World Military and Social Expenditures*) that generally follows the C.I.A. lead in this respect.

SIPRI gives two sets of figures for 1977—one in 1973 dollars, the other in 1977 dollars. It shows U.S. spending ex-



ceeding Soviet spending by 6 percent in 1973 dollars and by 44 percent in 1977 dollars. Both of these figures convert rubles at a \$1.79 rate. Using the more accurate \$1.34 official ruble conversion rate for 1977, Soviet dollar-equivalent spending in 1977, according to the SIPRI method, would come to \$52.4 billion as compared with \$100.9 billion for the United States. Thus, by this method U.S. spending was 93 percent more than that of the U.S.S.R. SIPRI's estimates for 1979, when adjusted to reflect the official exchange rate, show U.S. spending at 67 percent more than the Soviet Union's. These figures give a range within which reasonable people can compare U.S. and Soviet purchases of military goods and services. The weight of evidence disposes one toward the 93 percent and 67 percent figures—that is, to a real U.S. military budget nearly double that of the U.S.S.R.

And there is a further point. The United States' NATO partners are much stronger economically and militarily than the W.T.O. nations. Assessing the comparative military effort of the two alliances, SIPRI finds NATO's 1977 spending 54 percent greater, at 1973 prices, and 110 percent greater, at then current prices, than that of the W.T.O. Using the official conversion rate of the ruble, NATO's 1977 spending exceeded that of the W.T.O. by 169 percent!

Even the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, using C.I.A. figures for the U.S.S.R., shows NATO military spending running slightly more than that of the W.T.O. in 1977. These figures, relating to the military balance between the Eastern and Western blocs, appear only in an unpublicized Government report. Given proper emphasis, they would do much to undermine the "Soviet menace" rationale for ever-soaring U.S. military budgets and to support the thesis of a balance from which both sides could move downward.

U.S. and Soviet armed forces have markedly different strategic doctrines. U.S. doctrine and preparations focus almost exclusively on projection of military power all over the world, including maintaining and striving to enhance the option of a nuclear first strike against the Soviet Union. Very little is allotted to defense, strictly speaking. The quotation attributed by David Halberstam in *The Best and the Brightest* to John McNaughton, Robert McNamara's right-hand man at the Pentagon during the Vietnam War, is still valid: "How much do we really need for the defense of the United States of America? Only the defense, to defend its shores? . . . Well, I suppose the maximum for the defense of our shores is one billion dollars. So all the rest of our defense budget relates to what we regard as our responsibilities as a world power."

U.S. spokesmen frequently proclaim the unlikelihood of a Soviet attack on this country or its allies. Thus, Defense Secretary Brown, writing in the Department of Defense's 1979 *Annual Report*: "At the present time and for the foreseeable future, only the strategic nuclear forces of the Soviet Union constitute a potential threat to the United States and its allies. . . . It is extremely difficult to believe

that the Soviets would ever seriously consider using these forces."

On the other hand, Soviet military doctrine and preparations are predicated upon a defensive strategy. The C.I.A., in its latest report, estimates that Soviet defensive expenditures were five times those of the United States in 1970, increasing to twenty-five times U.S. strategic defensive outlays in 1979.

Most important of all is the attitude of governments toward arms and their use. It is now clear to all that the U.S. policy of guns instead of butter is taking an increasing toll on the level and quality of life in the United States. And the military burden significantly slows progress in socialist countries. Yet Washington dismisses the persistent efforts of the U.S.S.R. to reach agreements that will result in a lower military burden and move toward mutual disarmament. Moreover, Soviet proposals substantially coincide with those of the United Nations General Assembly and the overwhelming majority of its members. President Carter's occasional remarks on the desirability of a world free of nuclear bombs notwithstanding, there is a grave and real threat in the persistent nay-saying attitude of the U.S. Government to Soviet and U.N. disarmament initiatives, the many years of delaying tactics and indefinite postponement of SALT II ratification, the breaking off of several sets of ongoing arms-reduction negotiations, the customary refusal of U.S. officials even to use the word "disarmament" as distinguished from "control."

In Vienna last year Carter and Chairman Leonid Brezhnev agreed on the essential strategic equivalence of their two armed forces. Defense Secretary Brown summed up the situation two years ago: "In my judgment, a rough strategic nuclear equilibrium exists between the two superpowers at the present time. Neither country enjoys a military advantage; neither is in a position to exploit its nuclear capabilities for political ends. . . . Mutual strategic deterrence and essential equivalence are in effect. . . . My own view is that, for many years now, we have been at the point where a full-scale thermonuclear exchange between the United States and the Soviet Union would be a disaster of unprecedented proportions for both sides. . . . Any use of nuclear weapons—whether tactical or strategic—would carry a high risk . . . of escalating the conflict to a full-scale thermonuclear exchange."

Now Washington, with the support of most of the media and politicians—not to mention arms contractors—is trying to upset that balance. It can't work. But it puts the world in mortal danger, as evidenced most recently by the "computer errors" of the Pentagon Strangeloves that started the world several minutes down the half-hour road to annihilation.

The C.I.A.'s fictitious figures about comparative Soviet and U.S. military activities generate the political climate in which nuclear war is more likely. They must be repudiated. That would be an important contribution toward mobilizing public support for lower rather than higher military budgets, for disarmament agreements with the Soviet Union rather than a new cold war and the military, economic and political confrontations that can lead only to disaster. □

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Loon Lake: An Excerpt

As far as we can discover, The Nation has never published an excerpt from a novel. We selectively depart from this precedent with the following excerpt from E. L. Doctorow's new novel, Loon Lake, which will be published by Random House later this month. That fiction can articulate political themes—in the case of Loon Lake the character of the labor spy-provocateur—is not news, and Doctorow's last two novels, The Book of Daniel and Ragtime, transmuted emanations of historical events into novelistic meditations. In an afterword, Aryeh Neier elaborates on the theme of the police spy in literature.

—The Editors

E. L. DOCTOROW

"**Y**ou've got the wrong man," I said. The chief smiled. He wore his hexagonal blue cap now with the raised gold embroidery on the peak. He wore his tunic. He was sitting here for revelation, he had brought in a stenographer, more cops, and an older man in plain clothes.

I said, "The F. W. Bennett Company employs an industrial espionage agency to find out what's going on in their plants. The name of the agency is Crapo Industrial Services. Maybe you don't know this but I think you do. They put spies on the line and if possible in the unions themselves."

"Let's not waste time," the chief said.

"Red James was one of these spies. He came here two, three years ago just as the union began to organize the men. He got to be an officer of the local. He was secretary, he took minutes, he kept records, he made reports to his employer, Crapo Industrial Services."

The chief turned to the stenographer, a gray-haired woman with a mole on her chin. She closed her book. I might be setting up to finger the union but I was talking funny. True! I had found a voice to give authority to the claim I was making—without knowing what that claim would be, I had found the voice for it. I listened myself to the performance as it went on. These fucking rubes!

"The union scheduled a strike just

after the new year," I said. "The idea, see, was that if the trim line was shut down, eventually every other Bennett plant would have to shut down too because Number Six makes all the trim. So it was a big strategy of theirs and Red reported this. Right away there are layoffs, half the machines are dismantled and shipped to another plant, and the strike is up the creek."

"And that's why the union goons killed him," the chief said, looking at the plain-clothes man.

"But it wasn't them," I said. "It looked like it should be, I myself thought for a moment it was, let me tell you. Chief, you don't look for complications when your head's getting beat in. Does anyone have a Lucky?"

Where was this coming from? I had learned the basics from my dead friend Lyle James. But the art of it from Mr. Penfield,* yes, the hero of his own narration with life and sun and stars and universe concentrically disposed on the locus of his tongue—pure Penfield.

"I'll try to make this as clear as I can," I said, taking a deep drag on my cigarette and nodding thanks to the cop with a match. "I know by sight every officeholder in the local, and every national big shot who's been in town since October. I know by sight most of the members—and this will surprise you but there aren't that many, considering the size of the work force at Number Six. But there are people who wear the same clothes and talk the same talk who don't work on the line and never will. And they are the ones who jumped us."

The police chief had risen. "You better know what you're doing, son."

"I made them for a traveling band, one of Crapo's industrial services," I said. "And that's who they were. If you really want Red James' killers, it's very simple. Speak to Mr. Thomas Crapo, president. You can reach him in the phone book—unless he's on his honeymoon."

The man in plain clothes stepped forward. It was clear to me now he was not in the department at all. He was dressed in a pin-stripe suit with a vest and a high collar and a stickpin in his tie. He had thin graying hair and had the prim

mouth of a town elder or business executive. To this day I don't know who he was—a manager of Number Six, a town councilman, but anyway, not a cop. I knew I could work him.

"What is it you're trying to say, young man?"

"I'll spell it out for you, sir. The agency murdered its own operative."

"That's a most serious charge."

"Yes, sir," I said. "It certainly is. But we're in a war, we're talking about a war here, and anything's possible. Once the company moved the machines, Red's days were numbered. The union found him out. That made him no longer of any use to Crapo, in fact he was worse than no use, he was a real danger."

"What?"

"He was an angry man. They'd left him to the dogs. He knew probably as much about Crapo as he knew about the local. He wasn't just your average fink who's been hooked for a few dollars and doesn't even know what he's doing. Red was a professional, an industrial detective, and he worked for Crapo in steel, he worked in coal, he'd done a lot of jobs and this particular assignment was very crucial and only the most experienced man could be trusted with it."

The police chief shook his head. He motioned to the stenographer to leave the room. He stood quite still and watched her close the door behind her. He turned to me he understood the reckless suicidal thing I was doing.

"But as I say, if you read your history of the trenches, the front lines at Belleau Wood, the Argonne, and so on, you find more than once the practice of sending out the patrol either to rescue or to kill their own man who has been captured—so that he doesn't give them away. War is war, other lives are at stake and war is war."

"I was with the Marines at Belleau Wood," the man in the business suit said. "I know of no such story."

"It was the British who did it," I said quickly. "I disremember the place and time, but it wasn't the Americans, it was the British and the French, and of course the Huns they did that all the time. But you don't have to believe it. Look at the chief here. First thing he thinks, a Crapo man is killed, it's the union who killed him. Why not, who would think different! And if he can

* A poet, and friend of the narrator.

make that case, if Crapo can trick him into making it, look what he's accomplished. He's set the union back twenty years. They're no union anymore, they're hoods and killers, nobody wants them, no working stiff wants comrades like that, not even Roosevelt wants that. Why, that in itself is enough to make it worthwhile—just to get the union defending itself from charges, just putting suspicion in people's minds—that's worth one op's life, I can tell you."

"All right, son," the chief said, coming around to the front of the desk.

"I know my rights," I said. "You are all witnesses. I'm telling you the truth as I know it, it's out now, it's out in this room and will be on every wire service in the country if you got any ideas of changing my testimony."

"I don't understand what's going on here," said the man in the business suit.

"This boy lies," the chief said. "He lied before and he's lying now. He's a punk from New Jersey who we found with a gun and the widow's insurance money in his kick. He's making this all up."

"That's right," I said. "I made up Tommy Crapo and I made up Crapo Industrial Services, didn't I? Or did I get it from the newspaper? That must be it, they must advertise in the newspaper. I can give you Red James' op number, the one he put on his reports, but that'll be made up too. I can give you the Illinois plate number of a cream-colored La Salle coupe with white sidewalls, but that's made up too. It's all made up. Buster is made up too, he doesn't exist."

"Who is Buster?"

"Buster who got Mrs. James to waive her rights for two hundred and fifty Industrial Services' dollars. Oh listen, mister, why doesn't anyone ask the right questions around here? Look at this, a roomful of ace detectives and not one of them thinks to ask how I know so much, how I knew Lyle James, how I got to be his friend, what I'm doing in this lousy town. Is it an accident? Do you think I like going around getting my arm broken and stitches taken in my face? Do you think I do this for laughs?"

An amazing current, a manic surge. I couldn't stop talking, listen Clara, listen! "I wonder at the human IQ when professionals cannot see through disguises. But if I was wearing a regular suit like this gentleman, if I was wearing

my own suit and tie and my face was washed and my hair combed, then you would listen, oh yes. And if I told you Lyle Red James was not just an operative for Crapo but a double operative, that he really worked for the union, that they made him not two weeks after he came to this town, because you know, don't you, he was not much good, he was a fool, a hillbilly, a rube, I mean they saw him coming! And they made him, and showed him how if he kept working and nobody the wiser, he'd get not only his pay envelope from Bennett and not only his salary from Crapo but his payoff from the union's cash box! Why, this strike at Number Six was a decoy! They never intended to strike Jacksontown, that was to send the company on a wild-goose chase shipping its damn machines every which way. Oh yes, gentlemen, when that strike comes, and it is coming, the birds will be singing in Jacksontown, it will be a peaceful day at Number Six and you won't know a thing till you hear it on the radio."

"What's this?" the businessman said. "What strike? Where?"

"Or maybe that isn't a good enough reason for taking care of Lyle Red James, that he was a dirty double-crossing Benedict Arnold."

It was an amazing discovery, the uses of my ignorance, a kind of industrial manufacture of my own. And the more it went on, the more I believed it, taking this fact and that possibility and assembling them, then, sending the results down the line a bit and adding another fact and dropping an idea on the whole thing and sending it on a bit for another operation, another bolt to the construction, my own factory of lies, driven by rage, Paterson Autobody doing its day's work. I was going to make it! This was survival at its secret source, and no amount of time on the road or sentimental education could have brought me to it if the suicidal boom of my stunned heart didn't threaten my extinction.

"What strike, how do you know these things!" The businessman was beside himself. "Who is this fellow?" he said. "Damn it all, I want the truth. I want it now."

The police chief went back behind his desk and sat down. He looked at me, fingered the corners of his mouth. He lifted his hat and ran his fingers through his hair and put his hat back on.

"You don't like Crapo very much, do you?"

"We fancy the same girl," I said.

"And that's why you're fingering him—or trying to?"

"No more than he's done to me, Chief," I said. "But I got a better reason. I don't condone killing and neither does Mr. Bennett."

"Mr. who Bennett?" he said, frowning terribly.

"Mr. F. W. Bennett of Bennett Autobody. Is there any other?"

Here the man in the suit found a chair near the wall and sat down and glared at me.

"I'm a special confidential operative," I said. "I was sent here by Mr. F. W. Bennett personally to check on the Crapo organization. Their work has been falling off lately. Mr. Bennett takes nothing for granted, especially not the loyalty of gangsters. I worked into the confidence of Crapo's chief man in Number Six, Lyle James. Mr. Bennett himself arranged for the next door to be available. He thought I had a better disguise to be married and so I brought with me a lady"—here I faltered—"I happened to be serious about. This is the unofficial part, Chief, and I expect every man in this room to keep quiet about this part. I met this lady when she was with Mr. Crapo and we took to each other. We couldn't help it. And, well, he is not a man to forgive, as you can see by my condition and the circumstance of my being here before you."

And now there was silence in the room.

"You are awful young to be what you say," said the police chief. He turned to the others. "It's too crazy. Jacksontown don't need stuff like this. There are so many holes in this story it's like a punchboard. Why should Mr. Bennett need to do these things, you tell me? And if he did them, why would he find some kid like this not old enough to wipe the snot from his nose? No, I'm sorry, Mr. Paterson," he said, "you're smart enough to throw the names around, but you were a punk when we pulled you in and as far as I'm concerned you're still a punk."

"My name isn't Paterson," I said. I smiled and looked at the man in the suit and vest. "It's easy enough to check," I said. "In my billfold on a piece of paper is the phone number of Mr. Bennett's residence at Loon Lake in the Adirondack Mountains of New York. You may not know about that place, it's his hideaway. Call him for me. I get a

phone call of my choosing anyway, isn't that the law? That's who I choose to call. Tell him also I'm sorry about the Mercedes. It may be on the lot of Buckeye State Used Cars in Dayton, Ohio. But it may not. Tell him I'm very sorry."

I thought in the silence that ensued they could hear my heart beat-

ing its way back to survival.

"Yes, sir," the chief said, "and who should we say is calling?"

One of the men laughed. I was livid with rage. Oh Penfield. Oh my soul. I could barely get the words out. "You stupid son of a bitch," I said to the chief. "Tell Mr. Bennett it's his son calling. Tell him it's his son, Joe." □

Mouchards & Provocateurs

ARYEH NEIER

Joseph Fouché, the police spy-master usually credited with inventing the essential tools of contemporary political repression—police surveillance, the systematic use of informers and entrapment—appears as a character in Honoré de Balzac's *Une Ténébreuse Affaire* (A Murky Business). The novel is set in the years 1803-6 when Napoleon was consolidating his power as absolute ruler of France. It tells a story of political intrigue as complicated as its title suggests. Much of the intrigue is the work of police spies and it is Balzac's description of their doings and his grasp of their importance in shaping public events that distinguish what must otherwise be considered one of his minor works.

Une Ténébreuse Affaire was published in 1841. By then, police spies had played a central role in shaping the events of French history for forty years. They were also beginning to figure significantly as an instrument of government power in England (where provocateurs got rewards known as "Tyburn tickets" valued commensurately with the convictions they obtained), Ireland and several other countries. The practice spread to the United States in the second half of the nineteenth century. Prior to World War I most U.S. spies were employed by private police agencies retained by corporations intent on preventing the unionization of their employees. Labor spying continued to be a big business for many years; according to a 1937 report of the U.S. Senate's La Follette Civil Liberties

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Committee, Pinkerton, Burns and a few other agencies furnished 3,871 spies and provocateurs to corporations during the preceding three years, the period in which E. L. Doctorow's *Loon Lake* is set. Yet hardly any scholarly writers on government or political theorists for more than a century after Balzac paid much attention to police spies. Virtually all the important commentary on political surveillance and police informers published prior to 1950 appears in works of fiction.

Spies have been employed against foreign powers at least since biblical times when Joshua sent a couple to reconnoiter Jericho. A government's

use of spies against its own people was relatively rare, however, before the American Declaration of Independence and the French *Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme* inaugurated the age of human rights. Once the idea got around that the people possess "inalienable" or "natural" rights, repressive and despotic regimes became as fearful of their own citizens as of any foreign power. Hence, the invention of political surveillance to detect dangers within, and of informers and *agents provocateurs* to induce domestic enemies of the regime to engage in conspiracies and commit crimes so that they might be discredited and punished and so as to legitimate repression.

Whether or not Fouché actually invented the craft of police spying, he certainly practiced it on a grand scale. It is estimated that 10,000 of his informers (*mouchards*) operated in Paris alone. Some were probably double agents, plotting the overthrow of the government at the same time that they purported to spy on the plotters. The *mouchards* were probably responsible for many conspiracies and violent incidents and the perhaps apocryphal



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story is told of two of them at a political meeting, unknown to each other, who vied in advancing outlandish plots. They left at about the same time and, once outside, arrested each other.

The system of surveillance and informing organized by the police in Russia during the last several decades of the Czars was even more ambitious. At its high point, the Okhrana had some 26,000 paid informers in addition to a staff of about 50,000. Some terrorist *attempts* of the period were the work of revolutionaries; others, however, were produced by the Okhrana, and still others appear to have involved their joint efforts or to have resulted from conspiracies instigated by provocateurs with ambivalent loyalties.

Two great novels provide the best portrait of this period in Russia: Fyodor Dostoyevsky's *The Possessed* (1871) and Andre Biely's *St. Petersburg* (1910). In *The Possessed*, Peter Verkhovensky, a character apparently modeled on the terrorist theoretician Sergey Nechayev, incites revolutionary plots that cause much mayhem. There are hints that Verkhovensky may actually be a provocateur in the service of the police. And a police commissioner reflects at one point that the governor "would be very disappointed if the rumors of a subversive plot turned out to be sheer nonsense. 'I suppose he's decided to distinguish himself and make an impression in Petersburg,' the police commissioner thought. 'Well, why not? I can gain something by it too.'"

St. Petersburg is set in 1905, a year of failed revolution. Nikolai Appollonovich, a weak man, is recruited by terrorists to assassinate his own father, an important government official. The terrorist who provides the plan to Nikolai doubles as an agent of the secret police. This exchange takes place between them:

"And if I refuse?"

"I shall arrest you . . ."

"Arrest—me?"

"Don't forget, I'm a . . ."

"A conspirator?"

"An official of the Secret Police!"

"What will the Party say to that?"

"The Party will justify me. Taking advantage of my position in the Secret Police, I'll exercise vengeance against you on behalf of the Party. . . ."

While this may seem farfetched, Biely's novel was written the year after the unmasking of "Azev the spy," the most notorious of all double agents. Azev

seems to have served as the archetype for characters in several other novels, among them Boris Savinkov's *What Never Happened* (1913), Roman Gul's *General B.O.* (1930) and, most recently, Rebecca West's *The Birds Fall Down* (1966).

Informers play important parts in Irish literature, for example, in Liam O'Flaherty's 1926 novel, *The Informer* (best remembered today for the classic John Ford movie with Victor McLaglen in the part of Gyp Nolan). And *agents provocateurs* figure prominently in American protest novels of the first quarter of the twentieth century, such as Jack London's *The Iron Heel* (1906) and Upton Sinclair's *100%: The Story of a Patriot* (1920). But the most significant treatment of these subjects during that period is found in the works of Joseph Conrad: *The Informer* (1908), a short story about a provocateur in London; *Under Western Eyes* (1911), a novel about a student in Russia who becomes an informer on revolutionaries to the police and ultimately confesses to the revolutionaries what he has done, and *The Secret Agent* (1907), perhaps the best-known work in this genre and one of Conrad's finest works.

The Secret Agent deals with a part-time police informer in London, Mr. Verloc. He is also the proprietor of a shop catering to the tastes of prurient men, which is treated tolerantly by the London police because of Verloc's services to them, and a "secret agent" in the employ of a foreign embassy. Officials of the embassy are perturbed by "the vigilance of the police—and the severity of the magistrates. The general leniency of the judicial procedures here, and the utter absence of all repressive measures, are a scandal to Europe. What is wished for just now is the accentuation of the unrest—of the fermentation which undoubtedly exists." To provoke repression, they direct Verloc to commit an outrage. He is to blow up Greenwich. Verloc accepts the assignment but botches it, succeeding only in killing his wife's half-witted younger brother who stumbles on a tree root while carrying the bomb through Greenwich Park. The police inspector investigating the explosion immediately decides to consult his informer Verloc—not suspecting his role in the bombing—because, as he explains to his superior, "Whenever I've had reason to think there was something in the wind I've always found he could tell me something worth knowing."

The involvement of police informers in revolutionary plots was satirized in G. K. Chesterton's comic masterpiece, *The Man Who Was Thursday* (1908). An informer infiltrates an anarchist assembly and, by outdoing anyone else in revolutionary rhetoric, is elected to the General Council of the Anarchists of Europe. As the plot unfolds, one by one he discovers that all the other members of the council, like himself, are police agents. The present-day American reader's amusement at the events that lead to these discoveries, of course, is enhanced by an awareness that life tried to imitate Chesterton's art several decades later when Federal Bureau of Investigation infiltration of the Communist Party reached its apogee.

Eugene Zamiatin's novel *We*, written in Russia in 1920 and first published in an English translation in this country in 1924 (it has never been published in its author's homeland), inaugurated a new era in novels about police spying: while surveillance is ubiquitous, it is not accompanied by provocation. There is no need for provocation in the totalitarian state Zamiatin imagined and that he may have foreseen developing in the Soviet Union. As Hannah Arendt has pointed out in *The Origins of Totalitarianism* (1951), the first major work of political theory to assess the significance of police spying, provocation is "necessary only on the assumption that suspicion is not sufficient for arrest and punishment. None of the totalitarian rulers, of course, ever dreamed of conditions in which he would have to resort to provocation in order to trap somebody he thought to be an enemy."

In 1946, George Orwell wrote in the British periodical *Tribune*, "I have at last got my hands on a copy of Zamiatin's *We*." He goes on to speculate that "Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* must be partly derived from it." Whether or not Orwell was right about this, his own novel *1984*, which he started writing in the same year he read Zamiatin's novel, is certainly derived from *We*. Orwell's Big Brother is patterned after Zamiatin's Well Doer (or Benefactor in the version Orwell read). The state monitors Orwell's characters by two-way television while Zamiatin, who wrote before television was invented, describes people whose actions are surveyed through the glass walls of their apartments. Orwell has his Thought Police; in Zamiatin, it is the Bureau of Guardians. And so on.

While 1984 is derivative, it provides us with images that are of great value in grasping the nature of totalitarian society. Its publication was itself an important political event. The same might be said about several of the novels about police spying that preceded it. Indeed, their importance may be all the greater because the subject was so long neglected by political theorists.

Fortunately, the era of neglect may

now be at an end. The publication earlier this year of Frank Donner's *The Age of Surveillance* greatly advances our understanding of political surveillance and informing. It seems only fitting, however, that the thinking provoked by works such as Donner's should also be enriched by the forthcoming publication of an important new work of the literary imagination, E. L. Doctorow's *Loon Lake*. □

Lost Property III

BEN SONNENBERG

Pandar's Orchard

I wanted to be an art dealer when I was 20 or so. My father bought art and bought art and bought art, owning the whole of a very large house at 19 Gramercy Park. He and my mother appeared most at one placing this "amusing scrap" or shifting that "little piece."

Not only did art dealers minister to this otherwise troubled union, they had also always noticed me as at least an important object. I repaid the compliment, trying to be as much like them as I could. I copied their accents, wore tweed caps and smoked *Le Khédive* cigarettes. Could such a life be mine? "And to think," I might say, in the late afternoons, over the drawings by Constantin Guys, the engravings by Félicien Rops, "there are men who'd show a young girl *this* . . . and *this* . . ." Only 20 and already big with brokers, agents and props! (Or, 20 and still posing! Significant both of having grown up with ceremony and servants, and of a sadism that can be truly practiced only by liars.)

Choosing works of art to make girls has of course a number of meanings. One is that connoisseurship is an exemplary bourgeois fault. And so it naturally was with me, as also with Shakespeare's Troilus, whose "I am giddy" soliloquy is a typical false position of strength taken by privilege in its fight with even normal desire:

. . . and I do fear besides

That I shall lose distinction in my joys.

Art dealing had a high standing, unclouded as yet by the postwar swarm of customer's men and crooks: almost a

Parts I and II of Lost Property have also appeared in The Nation.

learned profession; not quite a profession, in fact. Some had an added glamour. I mean the refugees. Refugees, but stamped nowhere by fear, sudden flight, conscience or peril or pain. They were defying Hitler by prospering in New York, by relishing America to a sometimes silly degree, and by always pledging allegiance to Toscanini and Thomas Mann. Their merest inclinations were now the feats of a strenuous politics. Riches here, fatality there. . . . Each was a Jew who understood art. Each was, as well, in his overseas home, under perpetual sentence of death, like Paul Henreid in *Casablanca*.

How pervasive the glamour of those who are like our parents but better at it! These Jews owned art but without the fuss of 19 Gramercy Park. They dealt, to be sure—only art dealing showed how little they were in thrall. The glamour spread to their daughters, their dogs, through their homes to their "little collections" of kitsch, to their lengthy meals. . . . To all but their clothes: Alice Schweitzer and Sulka and Knize. The women's hems always a fraction too long, the men's suit jackets too short. Still, in this New World city, where both sexes dressed with unflinching regard for Europe (especially then), even these tiny symbols of difference were powerful charms, seeming meant to evoke the historical Jew. Yes, and at no small expense.

Which appealed to me most? I never could decide. To be like them in their art-dealing work? To be like them as ideal victims of an ideal villainy? Or to be like them in their homes where property and pleasure were indissolubly linked? Besides, they had glamour as cultured Jews who nevertheless were adept at imprecation and doom: most of all about music. If Sterba liked Schnabel while Mosse liked Kempff,

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then in the one's eyes the other was not only incurably stupid but unforgivably rude. And about *music*! It was the same with composers: on into the twentieth century, on back to before Buxtehude. I was certain no German or Austrian Jew could utter a word on the subject without thereby causing mortal offense to some other German or Austrian Jew.

Their absolutism was an effect of a then worldwide shriveling-up of judgment into a worship of "the barbarism of perfection." That, and the anguished dominion that émigrés and exiles seek in whatever city they stop. Still, for me, a Collector's Child, for whom the wall was as much as the work, the donor as much as the artist, it translated from musical into general terms, becoming, first and foremost, a foil for the lax cupidity with which I appreciated painting (or watched it appreciate), as well as for the esurience of my movie- and theatergoing. And second, a very great comfort. For here were severe intellectual men (dogmatic and expert at least) to whom location, provenance and cash value were important. To please them, however demanding they were, I needed only to cultivate my own innate talents and tastes. By contrast, at home the formation of these led to resentment and fights.

To be a Benjamin to them, what did I not do? I read German, studied lied-er. . . . Their households were filled with women: I was gallant and flirted with them. Sisters-in-law and others like aunts, even *petites amies*. I won them by being mischievous, tender and sincere. Not for the first time, I liked finding out that whereas with men I was usually tongue-tied and apathetic, with women I felt happy and free. This busied me so, I could scarcely have seen with what pain they perceived, men and women alike, living in a foreign land (New York City a foreign land!), the shrinking of propriety, by force of displacement, through no fault of theirs, into a sometimes convenient but mostly detested *vie de bohème*. I was also blind to why they were mad to be not Jewish but German.

One thing I did see, however. Art dealing wasn't for me. It offered sex, condescension, contempt (frequently all three at once), commercial excitement and civilized calm; but its inventories and ledgers! details and dates and chores! . . . It was finally perhaps too much a case of "supplying a productive apparatus without changing it." Or be-

ing (in other than the fastidious words of Walter Benjamin) too much like work.

Adopted Children

Each household had at least one. Here Lizette and Ariane are talking to Mrs. Berner, a friend of Lizette's parents, during the intermission of a song concert at Hunter College.

Mrs. Berner: They are being good to you, Ariane?

Ariane: Like a mother and father to me.

Lizette: To me too.

I sympathized with Lizette. My parents were always adopting young men: "gentlemen" of the penniless, weak, indecisive kind. These in my parents' view composed a significant part of any year at any Ivy League school. I consoled myself for the effortless way these youths seemed to harvest esteem by exalting the virtue of rudeness and exaggerating whatever it was that made them hate and fear me. For instance, I was brilliant. The trouble with this is well known: I was appealing for judgment from rivals I knew to have none.

Thus ambiguousness, and not brilliance, became my stock in trade. I brought it to bear in émigré homes where parents adopted me. It let me pretend I was loved because they (*Herr Doktor* and *Frau Doktor*, now plain "Sammy und Missus") discerned beneath my foppish mask of saturnine indifference a practically Russian profuseness of pure and noble feeling, as well as a Shelley-like loathing of property and wealth. Its grand drawback is dissociation, particularly from earning.

"Youth Means Retribution"

Ariane lived with the Rosenblooms. She shared their daughter's room. Hans Rosenbloom was a dealer in Old Master paintings and drawings. There was a Rembrandt drawing of a lion above Lizette's bed.

Rosenbloom had been a magistrate. His real love was music, though. He had left Berlin with his family in 1935. Like Adorno and Benjamin, he may have thought the Nazis would just disappear. Like them, he showed a measure of blindness and unhaste. First he settled in Holland. . . . After all, he had served in the War. Anyway! how Jewish was he? One-eighth? Maybe not even that. After nineteen years in New York, Rosenbloom had the air nonethe-

less of not being a Jew but of somehow counting as one.

Another of Rosenbloom's airs he had not had in Berlin, I am sure. Self-made man. Wasn't that New York? And with it, the lures thrown incessantly to atonement, to expiation? Ariane rose to them. So did I. We teased his obsession with death. Well, not with death exactly. When he and his pals got together, the talk as a rule was about funerals. How each would go off in some not large church: San Miniato, the Sainte Chapelle. . . . A *timor mortis*, already benign, made more soft by art. Mosse the psychoanalyst: "I want the Berlioz *Requiem* with Ernest Ansermet." Thielman, who'd married an Endicott and had "the wherewithal now" to collect: "Busch and the Mozart C minor Mass." Arens the art restorer: "The Verdi, naturally." Then Rosenbloom would say: "Who with?" And Arens: "Toscanini." Then Rosenbloom would say: "Too late!" "Too late?" "Yes! I already got him! Ha! ha!" Everyone would laugh.

Next they looked at me with a sort of chagrin. That made me feel important. Part Eros, part Nemesis, part Frog Prince: crystallizations of a before unconscious power, I thought. At other times I felt spellbound by my own duplicity. That was the faculty that made me apt for the art dealers' favorite pastime, the shaping of vignettes.

Yes, and over all the bewitchment of a faith in predestination!

Why not? A function of being in love (Ariane and then Lizette), that faith was fostered by furniture, too; by artworks evoking the great and the dead, and by decorum evocative of the great dead premodern world. It enabled skills that from a child I knew very well how to prize: cajoling women and outsmarting men, lying and domineering through taste in clothes and art.

Why I Cleared Out

Once my father lunched with a girlfriend of mine. At The Colony. It was a flop. "She already *knows* you're rich": that to me. "You know I'm rich," he told her. She was a widow, so he may have thought being mundane was all right. I don't know why, but his buying her off was a prospect I quite enjoyed.

They were seated at once. That was also a sign that subterfuge wasn't the plan. Not about money. Not there, anyhow: at the "*rendezvous de l'élite*."

My father moved in that nimble way

common to short public men. "Greetings!" His friends were everywhere. Friends? His vast clientele.

Sitting down: "Nanette Nabob. You know who she is. . . ." I used to love how he made those he knew fabulous, even the famous.

One eye of his fixed you, the other eye roamed. His talk was half confidential. However, the bombastic other half, the roaming half, prevailed. It helped to annul the distinction between lying and telling the truth.

Money talks: So I doubt if he needed to ask, "How much do you actually want?" I also doubt whether he came out and said, "I love my son. Do you?" Soon, though, the air was heavy with terms. They quickened too much or were still. By the time I arrived ("with the coffee": that was our jaunty plan) she was looking angry, frightened and sick. My God! was it just like a meal at home? Didn't being out matter a bit?

He waved for and scribbled his name on the check. "Now, children, I've got to work." He shoved back the table and left. This last too palpable insult showed how bitter and baffled he was. Yet again I'd conspired with women to make him out to be crass! A bully, when all the while really he was a Talleyrand, a Disraeli!

"Angry?" he said to me later. "Bitter?" We were sitting in his library, not quite face to face. On my father's dressing gown, as in the lapel of every coat and jacket he owned, was his Legion of Honor ribbon (of which he liked saying the chic was in not accepting a higher grade). As a rule he was reading when he talked to me. "Not at all." I had time to stare. I sat facing Biography, always making anagrams of the same titles. Emma Goldman: MADAM N GOLEM. . . .

Then there it was: the last straw. In a month I was gone from the house. His last phrase to me was the voice of the place. "Not angry at all, *my dear boy*." □

THEATER

JULIUS NOVICK

O Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario in the main street of this pretty little town are two shops that specialize in selling fudge to tourists. Niagara's Shaw Festival—the only George Bernard Shaw festival in the world—lives in perma-

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VIKING

ment danger of becoming a third. In a town that makes its living merchandising genteel charm, what should a theater festival do but be genteelly charming? Charm is the Shaw festival's great attraction, but it does pose a temptation. Especially when combined with gentility, it can often lead to an unvarying toothsome and a lack of real nutriment—in a word, to fudge.

Shaw's own idea was that a theater festival should be a place of pilgrimage, on the order of Bayreuth; but there are just not that many people willing to make a pilgrimage in the proper spirit to a Shavian shrine on the Niagara peninsula. The festival needs its fudge-seeking audience; the problem is, without alienating them entirely, to keep from being bound by the limitations of their taste. It is, in an acute form, the problem of any theater with artistic pretensions: you want to lead your audiences, but if you get too far in front, you are likely to discover that they have stopped following.

Shaw himself, of course, was no fudge merchant. Nor did he merely wrap his didactic pills in comedic sugar, as so many people think. The comic and the didactic spirit were fused in him; each went as deep as the other. In the past, the Shaw festival has often met J. M. Synge's challenge to the theater—to combine reality and joy—simply by producing Shaw's plays as if they meant what they said, and as if what they said was worth hearing. Is it good luck or bad that Shaw is so widely and unquestioningly accepted today as a bourgeois entertainer—a fate he prophesied for himself at the turn of the century—no matter what he is actually saying?

However, the festival's new artistic director, Christopher Newton, is not a great admirer of George Bernard Shaw. "He's a good coat-hanger for the period," says Newton, "but I don't think he's the greatest playwright. His ideas got a little confined. I'm not sure that Shaw had a new thought after the

1890s." In his first season, Newton has expanded the number of Shaw festival productions to eight plays plus a revue, a one-man show and a dance program. Of these, only three plays are by Shaw, all minor works. Newton's own uneven staging of *Misalliance* bursts into comic flower in the second act with the appearance of Carole Shelley as the Polish aviatrix Lina Szczepanowska. The *Philanderer* gets a cheerful but very lightweight revival; Newton plays the title role as if Shaw's complicated amorist were Algy in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. *Overruled*, presented as a lunchtime attraction, is a tiny, tedious jape about two married couples in live with each other's spouses.

Newton is well aware of the fudge problem that faces his festival. He proposes to offer something for the people who come to see "Niagara/Disneyland," but also something for the others. Strictly for the others is *A Respectable Wedding*, a one-act farce written in 1919 by the very young Bertolt Brecht, in which hostility and lust emerge amid the jollifications and good wishes of a lower-middle-class wedding feast. A bulletin board in the theater lobby reads: "WARNING: *A Respectable Wedding* contains scenes and dialogue that may offend some people. It is not suitable for children"; but in spite of this warning there have been angry letters. "It had to be done," says Newton of this production. "We had to make a statement." Unfortunately, Brecht's dramatic images of middle-class crassness are not particularly striking or particularly funny, and Derek Goldby's staging overdoes the noise. But once the Brecht-Goldby bridegroom, laughing hysterically, has sprawled out on the festive board on top of his giggling bride, and begun probing under her white gown with the neck-end of a wine bottle, Mr. Newton's "statement," for better or for worse, has unmistakably been made.

I was better pleased with two subtler attempts to expand the festival's area of concern. *Canuck*, by John Bruce Cowan, was published in 1929 but remained unproduced until this season, when it became the first Canadian play that the Shaw festival has ever presented. It is an awkward, obvious little piece, thinly characterized and lamely plotted. No American theater need bother to look at *Canuck*. But in Canada, played under Newton's direction with love and delicacy and fullness and a total absence of

ENVOYS.

Last night we met as envoys do,
Carrying secrets to trade;
Each of us wary, each holding the advantage,
We had chosen a place dark, close, and damp—
Like a cave by the sea where waves rose and fell
And salt stung our eyes and lips.
Candles showed shadowy things we didn't mention
Moving on the walls.

At first there was a confusion of credentials
Until a shibboleth passed between us
Whose sound, like flint, struck sparks
At the touch of our tongues.

We were poorly briefed with misinformation;
Sent by unseen forces to accomplish vague goals.
I had always thought your hair would be blond—it was chestnut.
You were taller than I expected with a smile both wry and knowing,
And eyes which, in a blizzard, could light up Duluth.
We carried our secrets in soft, round pouches,
And practiced deceptions so patent
Each feint was matched, each pose mirrored
In a perfect correspondence.

We turned to each other then as conspirators sharing our secrets:
They slithered from our pouches like snakes
And left squiggles and indents on the white sheets.
When all was settled and only a sea-buoy moaned,
Our eyes grew round like pebbles,
And we both cried out in discovery:
We are not strangers, we have no secrets,
We are as inevitable as lust,
As comprehensible as water,
As lucid as the glasses through which
We read the morning papers.

Robert Dunn

condescension, it combines nostalgic charm, historical interest and remarkable contemporary relevance.

Its heroine is a Vancouver girl named Ruth who has two suitors: an English financier named Beverley who likes to play golf in the daytime and go "dawning" at night, and a sturdy Canadian farmer named Paul. Ruth's mother, a snooty Englishwoman, prefers Beverley, but Ruth chooses Paul, and is off to join him as the curtain falls. Cowan had more than just a romantic comedy in mind: *Canuck* is an attempt to assert a Canadian national identity—still a matter of vigorous dispute—and to combat the famous Canadian national inferiority complex—still the only Canadian thing that some Canadians seem proud of.

The night after *Canuck* opened came another premiere, the first production in English of *The Grand Hunt* by the contemporary Hungarian playwright Gyula Hernády. *The Grand Hunt* takes place in 1921, when in actual fact the last Hapsburg emperor, deposed from the imperial throne, tried unsuccessfully to assert his rights as king of Hungary. It is Hernády's notion that the "King Charles" and "Queen Zita" who made this last pathetic attempt were not the king and queen at all, but a pair of impostors. Jan Triska and Carole Shelley as the "king" and "queen" don and doff their masks with admirable precision and élan, but until the last few minutes *The Grand Hunt* seemed to me without substance, like a combination of Molnár and *The Prisoner of Zenda*, only not so much fun. Then I realized that the central character is neither the "king" nor the "queen," but the cynical count who has arranged the whole masquerade, who will cooperate with anyone, betray anyone, do anything, in order to come out on top. And it hit me that this is really a play about János Kádár, who has ruled Hungary ever since the Russians overthrew his former comrade, Imre Nagy, and crushed the revolution of 1956. I was moved by *The Grand Hunt* in Canada only when I began to imagine what it must be like to see it in Hungary. Hernády is a clever contriver, much cleverer than the author of *Canuck*, but both plays can achieve their full resonances only in their own countries.

For all their limitations, these two oddly assorted premières bear witness that the Shaw festival is moving in interesting ways to meet the challenge of

creeping fudgitude. And I must confess that I enjoyed Derek Goldby's lickety-split production of *A Flea in Her Ear*, Feydeau's classic French farce, as much as any fudge-seeker. And Niagara-on-the-Lake on a summer's day is a seductively pretty little town. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The Third Generation
Scum
My Bodyguard

The subject this week is violence. All things considered, it is an apposite subject, but the movies under review do not throw much light on it. Rainer Werner Fassbinder, whose directorial energies (thirty-two films in the past ten years) amount to a one-man movement, had a provocative idea for *The Third Generation*. He summarizes it as follows: "In whatever way every citizen was capable of developing some kind of understanding for the actions and motives of the first and second generations of terrorists. . . . To understand the motives of the third generation is more than difficult. . . . I am convinced they do not know what they are doing and the sense of doing it is in the doing itself, in the seemingly exciting danger, in the delusive adventure in this more and more frightening, perfect system. To act in danger but without perspective, the ecstasy of adventure experienced in the absence of ulterior motive; this is what motivates *The Third Generation*."

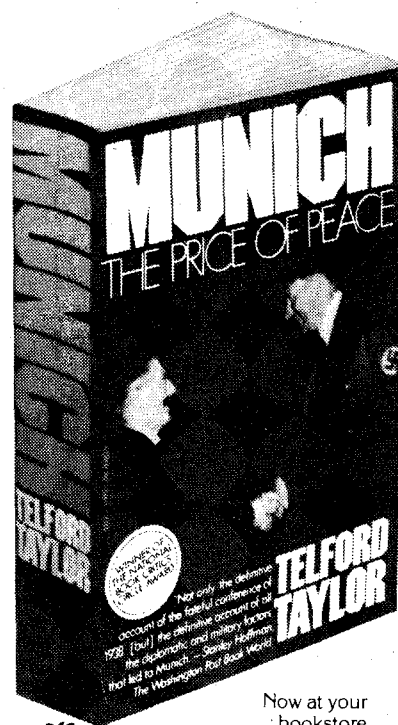
But having formulated this somber diagnosis, Fassbinder derives from it a disappointingly remote film: handsome, highly mannered, what he calls "a comedy in six parts about parlor games." His task was not easy, since the essence of it is that the people involved must be shown as rootless, aimless, leached of vitality and capable only of spasmodic nastiness (the symbolic figure is a young heroin addict who dies of an overdose). Given this unpromising raw material, the director shapes it almost entirely by his formidable screen technique. In calling *The Third Generation* mannered I mean that it is edited to a syncopated beat that does not correspond with its narrative content; it *looks* lively. Fass-

binder also resorts to such easy social comment as underlaying key scenes with the babble of an unattended TV set, and from time to time he overprints the action with men's room graffiti that are of unusual length for such compositions but of no striking relevance to the matter at hand (reviewers were provided with translations). Fassbinder seems here as verbose as Godard at his most polemical. Long passages from Bakunin are recited, the characters are glib with jargon and the effort of keeping pace with the subtitles adds distance to the movie.

The matter at hand is as follows: a

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Mr. P. J. Lurz (Eddie Constantine), German agent for American computer firms, finds that his obvious customers, the state police, have become shy of investing in his expensive hardware because the incidence of terrorism has dropped sharply. Accordingly, he has engaged August, the organizer of a terrorist cell (Volker Spengler), to commit some atrocities. The cell is composed of a group of friends who lack not only convictions but also the basic techniques of terrorism. In his zeal to expose their ideological vacuity, Fassbinder deprives them of individuality to the extent that I was often unsure from moment to moment which character was in the eye of the camera. The film fails to suggest what brought them to the state of psychological limpness in which we find them, and though they are dangerous, as a child with a razor is dangerous, it seems incredible that the policeman who operates in their midst, and indeed is the father of one of them, would not have disarmed them before they committed such offenses as they achieve.

I think that Fassbinder is deeply concerned about his generation of terrorists, but finds coming to grips with them so baffling that what emerges is a film that is laboratory-cold, showing a kind of stylish disdain. After August has manipulated most of his followers into killing one another, Lurz is seen at the end in the hands of the remaining somnambulists, complacently taping a message: "I am captured here—in the name of the people and for their welfare." It is a sardonic comment on a malign phenomenon; it is also a little too pat.

On the evidence of Alan Clarke's *Scum*, Britain's way with its youthful offenders has not improved in the decades since Brendan Behan was a Borstal boy. On the contrary, the level of decency has hideously declined. What the film shows is a regime of sadism—initiated by the wardens and adopted by the "trainees," enthusiastically or in self-defense—that is unremitting and bestial. I am not persuaded, however, that the movie mirrors reality: it doesn't look real, because it seems peculiar that

prison guards would goad their fairly docile charges into ecstasies of riot, murder and suicide, since such an approach would merely add to their work. Nor is it likely that the staff of a Borstal home would be made up exclusively of pathologically cruel men who beat their young inmates with savage pleasure and on little or no provocation.

If the film is not issued in protest, if it is a sensational invention, it falls into the category of routine "big house" melodramas. There is a loathsome inmate bully, there is a displaced intellectual much given to ironic comment, there is a civilized loner who turns mean to survive. The guards have cold faces and heavy fists; the superintendent is a religious hypocrite; the pretense of rehabilitation is laughable. That has been the formula ever since the days of James Cagney. If such gross brutality prevails in the Borstal system, there should be a public inquiry, but until someone better informed than I am calls for one, I shall mistrust the film. It is too predictable to be convincing.

Finally, *My Bodyguard* treats violence in a happy vein. It stars the appropriately named Chris Makepeace as Clifford, a bright, friendly, diminutive high-school sophomore who runs foul of a trio of school extortionists and, to protect himself, forms an *Of Mice and Men* relationship with the allegedly ferocious school pariah. The picture seems to be implausible on principle. It is sentimental, it is cute, it gives extended space to Ruth Gordon for her celebrated zany old lady act and culminates in a fist fight as ill-matched as, though a lot less funny than, Charlie Chaplin's terrifying encounter in *Battling Butler*.

The film employs an ingratiating cast (except for the villains, who snarl on cue) and is smartly paced. It seems to be doing well, perhaps because it is comforting to be told that unprovoked violence is only a form of buffoonery. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The mammoth Picasso exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art (until September 30) is both a first and a habit. It is the first time that the entire museum has been given to a single artist. A thousand-odd

works occupy three full floors. The museum has led the world in Picasso shows since 1939, when Alfred H. Barr Jr. put on "Picasso: 40 Years of his Art," with an expanded sequel in 1957. William Rubin, on the basis of Barr's precedents, saw the possibility of doing again, on a prodigious scale, what had already been done: Pablo Picasso and the institution converge again. According to a press release, the 1939 show broke all attendance records, and this is certainly going to happen again.

As Rubin, director of the exhibition, explains, the time was right. Picasso's estate has been settled, but the planned Picasso Museum in Paris is not yet ready to open; "Guernica," though expected to go to Spain soon, is still housed at the Modern, and the heirs of Picasso still have their parts of the estate pretty much intact. Rubin acted decisively. Having obtained access to this body of work, he secured loans from just about every other collector and institution. (Only "Family of Saltimbanques," 1905, in the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., is missing.)

The first floor of the museum covers the fifteen years from 1894 to 1909; the second, twenty-one years from 1910 to 1931, and the third, forty-one years, 1931-1972. It is clear that Rubin is aware of the overproduction of Picasso's later years, the pileup of thin and repetitious pieces. Picasso's post-war pastorals with cute nymphs and fauns on the beach are mercifully absent, and the ceramics of Vallauris, mostly tourist souvenirs, make only a modest appearance. Rubin gives an ample survey of the paintings and sculptures done of Marie-Thérèse Walter, 1931-37; there is a curtly edited selection of the copious paintings of her successor, Dora Maar, but none at all of Sylvette, a Brigitte Bardot look-alike Picasso painted in the 1950s. In place of the routine works are several interesting paintings of Picasso's children as little monsters. Of the heavy-handed paraphrases of Old Masters, Rubin spares us all but three of Delacroix's "Women of Algiers" and two each of Velázquez's "Maid of Honor" and Manet's "Déjeuner sur l'herbe."

The garrulous succession of quickly painted seated women in the later work are exercises in set forms, like sixteenth-century sonnet sequences, full of easy ornamental variation. Picasso's subject pictures are an alternative to this conventional side of his work. Starting with

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his teen-age painting, "First Communion," Picasso intermittently produced multi-figured compositions such as "Les Femmes d'Alger," 1907, and "The Milliner's Workshop," 1926. These carry accents of the grand manner and undercurrents of erotic content beyond the signifying capacity of many of the seated women paintings. Rubin gives the subject pictures a prominent place. Thus the huge show, on inspection, turns out to be highly purposeful in its deployment of the mass of objects.

In the catalogue, Rubin writes that "Picasso's *oeuvre* in its multiplicity of styles, variety and inventiveness epitomizes twentieth-century art as a whole." And in a press release he is quoted as saying: "There is virtually nothing in modern art that Picasso has not invented, practiced or at least influenced." How can an artist whose range includes neither abstract art nor realism be considered a paradigm of the twentieth century? It is true that Picasso's and Georges Braque's early Cubism influenced Piet Mondrian toward the formation of his abstract art, but abstraction remained merely a potential of the founders' Cubism. In his subsequent practice Picasso was opposed to abstract painting. His work is notational and diaristic, cued by the contingent events of his life in a way that is antithetical to abstract art.

Picasso's representational painting, his so-called realism, is always mediated, filtered by references to classicism, the ballet, or fancy dress. There is nothing that addresses the world of things directly in the way that, say, Max Beckmann, Otto Dix and George Grosz do. Also, aside from a few paintings of 1909, Picasso was a wretched landscape painter (compare him in this respect to Oskar Kokoschka and Edward Hopper). The notion that Picasso sums it all up is a hangover from the days when Cubism seemed to be a cultural imperative. In fact, Cubism is one of the stylistic options of the earlier twentieth century and Picasso, remarkable as he is, remained within its historical limits. To suggest that the art of our century can be represented by one man is to shrink it calamitously.

Rubin writes of his vision of Picasso's work as "one long continuous flow," not segmented by periods. It is true that Picasso's long life has been packaged into such artificial units as "Analytical Cubism" and "Blue Period." Nevertheless, in the present exhibition, which

is hung chronologically, his work does in fact settle nicely into blocks seeming more like a string of beads than a sequential path. Alfred Barr was one of those who codified Picasso's periods in his exhibitions at the Modern. Rubin continues Barr's advocacy of Picasso and has not really circumvented his emphasis upon the separate periods. The way to demonstrate the flow, if there is one, would be to mix together the works of different years, but this is a big step for a linear-minded art historian to take.

For those critics and historians who believe that Picasso towers over his contemporaries, his superiority comes in part from his Analytical Cubist painting. It can also be argued that these works of 1910-12 not only beat the competition but tower over Picasso's usual performance. There is an unprecedented assembly of them in the first

four galleries on the second floor, with loans from Basel, Berne, Chicago, Moscow, Paris, Prague and the museum's own collection, which includes several of the best. At one point you can see "Girl With a Mandolin," "Wilhelm Uhde" and "Daniel Henry Kahnweiler" all in a row. There is an exhilarating pale dazzle in the works of this period, a crystalline order with tenuous but unbroken allegiance to observed objects. Although the paintings are very subdued in color, they are never dull; although there is a constant variation of texture, there is nothing ornate. One sees Picasso thinking with the brush and follows its course of discovery as it forms the painting. Frankly, this is the high point of the exhibition. For all its luxuriance and energy, the rest of Picasso's life, despite "Girl Before a Mirror," despite "Guernica," is less than these early works promised. □

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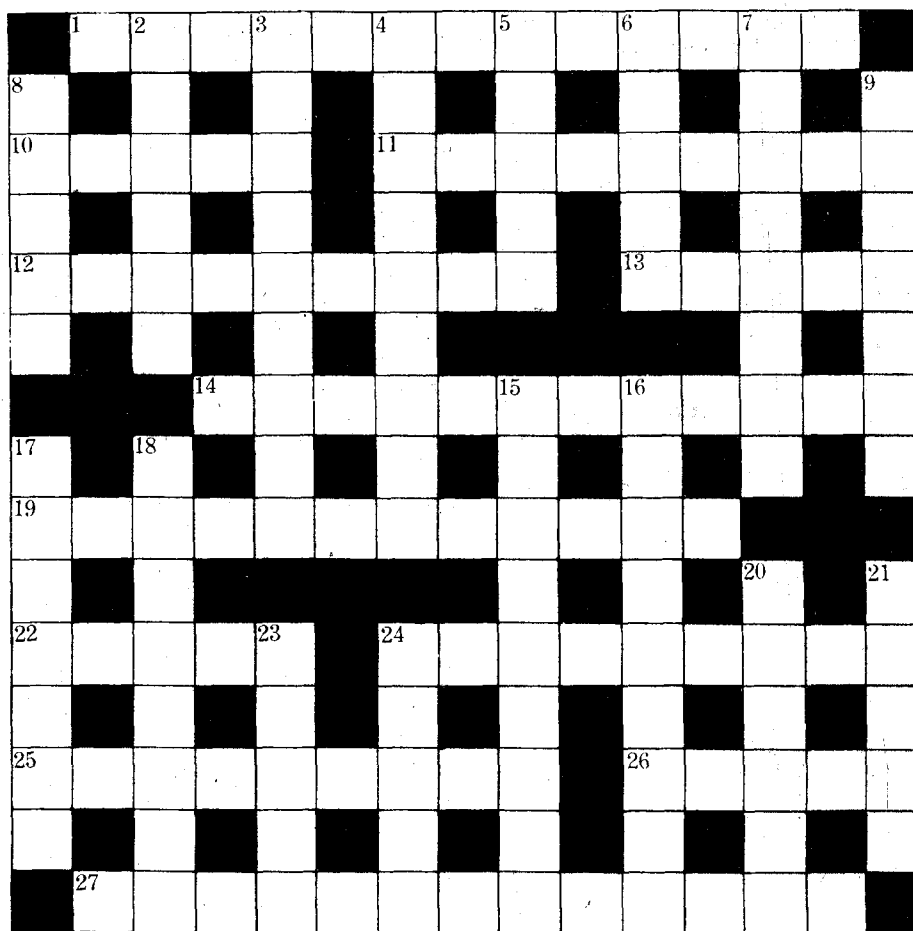
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ACROSS

- 1 One of those Elysian things seen in dreams? (At least you can see all this at one time.) (5,2,6)
 10 Under Egypt and U.S. management, in a sense. (5)
 11 Wild lionesses shouldn't roar so. (9)
 12 For such as Man o' War, such chores are unusual. (9)
 13 As fun goes, it's a euphemistic acronym for trouble in army circles. (5)
 14 Absence of activity? Definitely not! (7,5)
 19 What may be made if you're sorry about the North in trouble with the science of mankind. (12)
 22 In general, a way to give. (5)
 24 A record of wireless transmissions at the Y might help, if you're patient. (9)
 25 The sort of thing autumn follows happens every day. (9)
 26 Cow-catcher, perhaps. (5)
 27 One of eight important points, roguish, fighting with extravagant talk. (Dick might need it to enter.) (6,7)
 6 Twists around a lot, colloquially. (5)
 7 Relating to such as William Tell, Falstaff and Louise. (8)
 8 If you take an awful lot of interest in your business, be careful it's not this. (5)
 9 How to make mild sausage, when so prepared? (7)
 15 The mouth of a famous flower. (4,5)
 16 Barker might be encircled by it, though it's commonly associated with the habits of Father. (3,6)
 17 The result of a guy being in the sun a lot might be touching. (7)
 18 Well, that's one way to take away inspiration! (8)
 20 Initial cost involved in a signal. (6)
 21 A poet has to get by? Right on! (5)
 23 An impatient expression, and/or one that helps the student. (5)
 24 Make a stretch of 12, in a way, without getting sort of sore. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1833

ACROSS: 1 Direction finder; 9 Muskrat; 10 Waikiki; 11 Softly; 12 Crucible; 14 Ill-founded; 15 Verb; 17 Aida; 19 Defensible; 22 Foregone; 23 Addict; 25 Indiana; 26 Bravado; 27 Stretch one's legs. DOWN: 1 Domestic affairs; 2 Restful; 3 Carillon; 4 Iota; 5 Now or never; 6 Idiocy; 7 Dribble; 8 Raise objections; 13 Underneath; 16 Used cars; 18 Derider; 20 Brigade; 21 Aghast; 24 Ebon.

DOWN

- 2 Charge to compose, one hears. (6)
 3 It's time consumers should be out. (5,4)
 4 Anyone who has anything has this—like one who possesses the joint! (9)
 5 There's nothing in evil practice that gives the right to vote! (5)

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